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THE ARYAN PATH

VOLUME XXXV · NO. 8

NAMRATĀ
The Magic Potency of Words

J. MIDDLETON MURRY
The Doctrine of Will in Shakespeare

F. H. ANGOLD
The Divine-Human Relationship

M. A. VENKATA RAO
An Indian Philosophy of History

BOOKS REVIEWED INCLUDE

The Tribal World of Verrier Elwin; *John Keats*; *Clarity Is Not Enough*; *The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan,* Vol. x; *Gandhi's Discovery of Religion*; *The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri*; *Women in the New Asia*; *Sören Kierkegaard*

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as does the Evening Star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

Editor:
SOPHIA WADIA

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lost among the host — as does the evening star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

— *The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XXXV AUGUST 1964 No. 8

THE MAGIC POTENCY OF WORDS

Let us use with care those *living* messengers called words.

—W. Q. JUDGE

CARELESS, LOOSE, AND INORDINATE SPEECH is a characteristic of our extrovert and restless civilization. We do not understand the value of deliberate and careful speech because we are ignorant of the source of this precious faculty and totally unaware of the power of the spoken word. Our speech is too often impulsive and hence thoughtless and meaningless.

Much of the confusion and turmoil of our world today is reflected in our irresponsible use of speech. But the reverse is equally true: our foolish and wrong use of words adds to the prevailing confusion and is a major factor in creating tensions and bringing about misunderstandings. We are often divided today through words. If we could purify and control our speech we would tone up our moral fibre, improve our character, and thus become better able to seek for the solutions of the numerous problems we are facing.

All who dream of a better world should watch words, which anon save us and anon damn us. But for anyone aspiring to live the spiritual life control of speech is a *sine qua non,* and all the Great Ones have enjoined the purification and the restraint of speech.

In Lord Buddha's Noble Eightfold Path, the third step is that of Right Speech:

> The Third is *Right Discourse.* Govern the lips
> As they were palace-doors, the King within;
> Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
> Which from that presence win.
>
> —*The Light of Asia*

To speak is to act; for speech is an avenue of action. Wise people discipline themselves, and such self-discipline includes the control of speech. Says Lord Buddha:

Let a man be watchful of speech-irritation. Let him control his speech. Abandoning the sins of speech let him practise virtue with his speech.

—*Dhammapada*, XVII. 12

And again:

Well controlled indeed are the wise; they have mastery over body, tongue, and mind.

—*Ibid.*, XVII. 14

In the *Bhagavad-Gita* Shri-Krishna describes thus the mortification (*tapas*) of speech:

Gentle speech which causes no anxiety, which is truthful and friendly, and diligence in the reading of the Scriptures, are said to be austerities of speech. (XVII. 15)

In any action five agents are necessary, declares Shri-Krishna, for its accomplishment. These are the substratum, the agent, the various sorts of organs, the various and distinct movements, and, with these as fifth, the presiding deities (XVIII. 14).

But what is speech? Speech is the use of words as audible symbols to establish communication with our fellow beings. Speech is a prerogative of man and is rooted in his own latent divinity. Words are the outward human symbols of "eternal Thought in the Eternal Mind." Thus the metaphysical counterpart or divine prototype of human speech is *Vāch*, or the *Verbum*, the Voice and Word, the creative *Logos*.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

—John I. 1.

When we speak we are using a creative energy whose origin is truly divine. And hence to misuse or abuse or even use vainly this gift "from above" is to desecrate it — the sin against the Holy Ghost.

There is a close relationship between the creative energy of speech and the creative force of sex. Those who indulge in obscene and vulgar talk will find themselves lapsing into sexual promiscuity seemingly against their will. Indulgence in dirty and ugly speech makes for indecent behaviour. Thus the control and cleansing of one's speech is essential for the restraint of the sex urge.

In speech resides the power of sound and this is the scientific basis for the art of *mantras*. That power of sound unites itself in human speech to the language of symbols. For what are words if not symbols? Symbols which mirror and project forth our thoughts. The mind of each one of us is reflected in his speech. Confused speech denotes a confused mind; loose and irrelevant speech, a distracted mind; precise and coherent speech a lucid mind; and so on for every type of mind.

Our feelings too are expressed through our speech. The general quality of our moral nature as also the mood of the moment show themselves forth in our choice of words, as also in the tone which we use to utter those words.

Thus words are instinct with a life of their own, a life which continues after we, their progenitors, have begotten them and sent them out into the world. How wise the injunction of the old precept which states: "Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of Life"!

Indeed, life and death can both come from words; for words are builders and also destroyers. Words can unite and also divide; words can heal, but also wound; words can bless and curse; reconcile or antagonize; enlighten or delude and mislead; reveal or hide. . . .

Yes, the spoken word is a great magician. Let us endeavour to heed the word of wisdom and to learn "to use with care those *living* messengers called words."

NAMRATĀ

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honours at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can, and, when I die, to die as well as I can. And, to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And, in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict.

—PLATO

THE DOCTRINE OF WILL IN SHAKESPEARE

[The late **John Middleton Murry** contributed this article to THE ARYAN PATH for July 1933. Mr. Murry was among the most imaginatively discerning students of Shakespeare in the last fifty or sixty years. We have great pleasure in reprinting his article as one in our special series of articles for this year of Shakespeare's quatercentenary.—ED.]

TWO FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS from Shakespeare appear to bear directly upon the question of the will. First, Cassius' words to Brutus:

> Men at some time are masters of their fates:
> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

The second, Iago's indoctrination of the reluctant Roderigo:

> ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.
>
> IAGO. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce . . . why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.
>
> ROD. It cannot be.
>
> IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will.

They seem at first sight to be categorical. Are we to conclude that Shakespeare was asserting the doctrine of complete individual freedom?

In the first place, it is always dangerous, and always unwarrantable, to impute to an author the opinions of his dramatic characters; and second, in both these particular cases, Shakespeare has applied his own corrective. Not when Cassius chides Brutus, far less when Iago lectures Roderigo, can we look for the pure sentiment of Shakespeare. Cassius and Roderigo are both contrivers (though one is noble, the other base) seeking to persuade another to the action they themselves desire. What could be more natural, for what could be more persuasive, than an appeal to the vanity of their victims? For, indeed, the doctrine of free-will, as enunciated by these interested moralists, is a doctrine of egotism.

Mark further: what is it that Cassius has to overcome in Brutus, by his appeal to free-will? Brutus' love of Caesar. And what has Iago to overcome in Roderigo? His desire to escape his hopeless love for Desdemona by death. These obstacles to the plans of Cassius and Iago come from the

noblest elements in their victims' characters. The doctrine of free-will is used to undermine the scruple of nobility. Iago, of course, is the past-master at this devilish game. Whereas Cassius is a noble fanatic, he is the mystery of iniquity itself. His agile brain utterly confuses poor Roderigo. First, in response to Roderigo's lament that his virtue is not of power enough to quench his hapless love, Iago assures him that it is a question of the will merely. Precisely thus might an austere moralist seek to stiffen the fibre of a weakling. But Iago turns it all to the devil's purpose. Poor Roderigo's genuine love-passion is degraded into "a lust of the blood and a permission of the will." Roderigo's timid soul is outraged: "It cannot be." But Iago overwhelms him.

So, in these two famous instances, Shakespeare gives the doctrine of free-will to the tempter. It is a potent weapon in the devil's armoury. Are we then to rush to the conclusion that Shakespeare believed that "it is *not* in ourselves that we are thus, or thus"? That would be extravagant. Nor does the truth lie in between these contrary positions. It belongs to a different order. And the order in which the truth concerning Shakespeare is to be sought is expressed by the still more famous words of a character in whom, all serious critics are agreed, an approximation to Shakespeare's own nature may be found.

> Let us know
> Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
> When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
> There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will.

There is, I think, the gist of Shakespeare's own counter to the doctrine of Iago. It does not belong to the realm of the old and sterile controversy between Free-will and Determinism at all. The doctrine of Free-will, as enunciated by Iago, is the mere instrument of an overweening egotism. "I have it in my power" — such is the conviction of Iago — "to do what *I* will." Hamlet is far beyond this futile posturing; this incipient megalomania. For the deep plots of the finite mind he has contempt. It is the unwilled, spontaneous action which is indeed creative.

In short behind Hamlet's words is a *religious* awareness. Hence they have taken root so deep in the general memory, and become part of the religious wisdom of the English race, which welcomes these poetic expressions of an unformulated and unformulable faith. The conscious will in man, says Hamlet, can shape but the rough outline of a life; the form, the final reality, is shaped by a deeper power. But in their context, Hamlet's words say more than this: behind them is concealed a fragment of the self-knowledge of the great artist who conceived him. It is a subtle assertion

of the supremacy of "inspiration." What Shakespeare knows as a poet, Hamlet declares as a man of action. And the correspondence which all great critics of Shakespeare, from Coleridge to Bradley, have sensed between Hamlet and Shakespeare is due, in the main, to the fact that Hamlet thinks like an artist, and like a great artist. It is not that we can know, except dimly, how the mind of Shakespeare worked; it is that our expectation would not be disappointed if we were to know that it worked like Hamlet's mind. There is no other character in the whole of Shakespeare's work of whom that can be said.

The religious awareness that is half-hidden and half-expressed in Hamlet's words is the religious awareness of a great artist. He, more than other men, knows the reality and the creative virtue of the condition of selflessness. "As for the Poetic character," said Keats, in whom we may surely look for the elements of Shakespeare's composition, "it is not itself, it has no Self." And this is true. The true creative condition is one of selfless spontaneity, when man becomes the perfect instrument of the obscure utterance of Life. His will is in abeyance, his egoistic self-consciousness fades away: because he is the vehicle of a new creation.

Nor is this condition the peculiar privilege of the artist, as such. The artist, in this respect, is but a particular example of the religious man. Imagine that selfless condition of the artist, which is attained by him when he is an artist indeed, no longer confined to the creation of art itself, but expanded until it suffuses the total activities of a man. Such a man would be a wholly religious man. He would be incessantly the instrument of God's will, for he would live in a condition of pure and uncorrupted spontaneity. Not one of his acts would be his own, yet every one of them would be perfectly individual: not in the barren sense of "individual," that is, different from others', but in the positive sense of the word, wherein "individual" means "pure and purely creative." Such a condition, of complete religiousness, we can ourselves only imagine; towards such a condition, we may be sure, the remembered religious leaders have approximated. Of such a condition, the selflessness of the great artist is premonitory and symbolic. Our name for those whom we recognize to have advanced a perceptible degree towards this condition is "men of destiny."

They may be prophets, poets, statesmen, warriors, revolutionaries; but all alike are distinguished from the mass of men by this half-evident quality of "selflessness," this capacity of becoming an instrument for the obscure creative urge of life. They are greater than themselves; they speak with authority, and not as the scribes; they act with creative power, and not by pattern or memory: yet their power derives from some kind of obedience, not from any self-will. To this order of men Shakespeare manifestly belonged. He was the supreme artist-type of this kind of creative

men. But art, in the ordinary sense of the word, is only one single mode of creativeness. Creativeness utters itself in other ways: in the government of a nation, in the rhythm of sequestered individual life, in the conduct of war, in the discovery of a new invention, in the scriptures of a new religion. But in all these modes of the creative life, the doctrine of Hamlet holds good, because it derives from the creativeness which it seeks to define.

And because it derives from the self-knowledge of a creative man, it glides sinuously between the rocky opposites of Free-will and Determinism. It knows, by instinct, that these two are but the contradictory half-truths with which men, in whom the creative flow of life has ebbed to a trickle, make ghostly war on one another. Shakespeare gives the doctrine of Free-will to lower natures as a snare with which they may entangle higher ones into rash and fatal enterprises. And however varied may be the grounded opinions of the nature of Shakespeare's life-wisdom, I believe that no man into whom the work of Shakespeare has entered would deny that one element of it was the intuitive conviction that men are *not* masters of their fate. That conviction is knit into the most intimate substance of Shakespeare's tragedy. But neither are men the blind puppets of destiny, nor the victims of malignant chance. Indeed, Shakespearian tragedy is, more than anything else, a simple passing beyond this false and mechanical dilemma. It tells us that though men are not masters of the events of circumstance by which their lives are hedged, they are masters of the inward quality of their lives: and somehow, this inward quality of the human life is more important than all outward circumstance. The important thing is not that a man is triumphant, or defeated, but that he should be "heroic": obedient, come what may, to the deepest promptings of his soul. Hence, the Shakespearean hero is always "passionate" on some level or other; he is never egotistic, never coldly calculating. His passion may be, as it is in Hamlet, united with a plenitude of intellectual consciousness, or, as in Othello, with very little intellectual consciousness (who can imagine Hamlet taken in by Iago's trick with the handkerchief?): but, essentially, they belong all to the same order — for better or worse, they are warm, spontaneous, big men; majestic or delicate beings, replete with animal grace, caught in the world's great snare. They may be fools, but they are glorious; they go out like fiery flames in sudden darkness, not like a feeble matchlight guttering into gloom.

Hamlet is no exception: it is merely that he is more delicately organized. Into his passionate spontaneity consciousness itself has to be fused. The instant action is not for him, save at the moment of supreme crisis; and then he is quick as sudden incandescence. To no final avail, indeed, in the eyes of men. But what of that? He has been himself, and not himself.

He has manifested Energy after his kind, and been the vehicle of God — even a prophet of the Lord. For a whole epoch of the Western consciousness was to find itself mirrored in him.

The secret of Shakespeare's morality is spontaneity. That is admirable and lovely to him. And spontaneity has nothing to do with free-will. Free-will is a doctrine framed by the ego, to justify the ego: and so is determinism. Determinism is the ego run mad, enforcing its finite schematism upon the infinite of life. Shakespeare believed in neither. How could he? If ever a great man's work were the outcome of spontaneity, deriving from beneath and beyond the ego, it was his. He knew, by immediate experience, that "the poetic character is not itself: it has no Self"; and he knew also that the poetic character, in its purity, is a type of richest living. Therefore his heroes are like him: they also have no Selves; they are neither determined nor free. They are Life.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

WHY is spontaneous activity the answer to the problem of freedom? Because in the spontaneous realization of the self man unites himself with the world — with man, nature, and himself. Love is the foremost component of such spontaneity; not love as the loss or disappearance of the self in another person, but love as spontaneous affirmation of others, as the union of the individual with others on the basis of the preservation of the individual self. What makes love so powerful is the very fact that two contrasted elements are harmonized in it: that it springs from the need of overcoming separateness, that it leads to oneness — and yet that individuality is not eliminated. Work is the other component of such spontaneity: not work as a compulsive activity but work as creation in which man becomes one with nature in the act of creation.

—ERICH FROMM

THE DIVINE-HUMAN RELATIONSHIP

[**The Rev. F. H. Angold, Ph.D., F.R.A.I.,** has, in addition to his theological training for the Church, pursued the study of anthropology. As a schoolmaster and later as a University lecturer and Tutor in Adult Education, he has had long contact with students of all nations. He is a poet, a playwright, and a contributor to a number of scholarly journals.

In this article he urges that there is something of value to be found in any form of belief, even the most primitive, in so far as the belief is an attempt of the human mind to objectify to itself an inward perception that the cosmos and man are related and that the relation is governed by some supreme controlling power. The tolerant and respectful attitude he suggests is to be commended, whatever philosophical difficulties we may perceive in regarding the supreme controlling power as a Being rather than as a Principle.—Ed.]

The relationship, real or imagined, existing between the Divine and the human constitutes the focal point of human endeavour. The quest of man for his God has inspired some of the finest poetry, nerved the bravest acts of endurance, and provided a hope that no earthly suffering, not even death itself, can efface.

The divisions engendered through the narrowness of belief only serve to magnify the magnificence of the quest. Every devoteē, irrespective of his particular faith, knows that, to be real, the object of his quest must be far beyond the ideal of his imagining.

The division comes not because of our action or desire, but our misreading of the evidence. In the Cartesian sense, God is perfect and incapable of causing us to err. The fact that we fall into error is explained by the power entrusted to us by God. Being in possession of the power to distinguish the true from the false, we are rash to form conclusions before we have acquired sufficient knowledge. Again, in the thought of Descartes, man is seen as partaking of the two relative substances, mind and matter, of which the universe is composed. To this philosopher, motion is the explanation of the universe, all that happens therein is the transference of motion from one part of space to another. Motion being constant, it cannot be increased or destroyed. Change is the outcome of adjusting this process of motion: if one object slows up, another must move faster.

Everything moves in accordance with the incontrovertible laws of motion. These laws, mechanical in operation, not only maintain the efficient working of the universe, but explain the necessity for man to work in harmony with the laws laid down. Such a system works in two ways. On the one hand, we discern the absolute necessity for human co-operation, but, on the other, we are able to envisage the certainty of human

well-being, resulting from the co-operation of man with his source.

To Descartes the creating and sustaining power behind this plan is God. The Cartesian concept of Deity, because seen as absolute motion, is projected not as utterly indifferent to the things of earth, but vitally concerned to maintain the essential balance of all things. Man being composed of body and mind, the way is opened for the scientist to pursue the study of nature, without the distraction of weighing the effects of mind. On the one hand, the scientist is free to explore the mechanical working of nature, and, on the other, we are left to speculate upon the peculiar function of mind. For, while the body operates by purely mechanical laws, the mind transports us to the realms of that which is spirit.

Descartes is most widely known for his aphorism: "I think, therefore I am." Voltaire declared: "If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him." Whatever method we may choose to explain the universe as we know it, ultimately, it becomes necessary to postulate some kind of controlling force. This being accepted, it matters little what manner of designation we apply for its identification.

If we can disabuse our minds of any narrow sectarian divinity, we shall appreciate the fact that science, far from disposing of God, has contributed greatly to our understanding. To be able to admire the passage of the clouds on a moonlit night is an experience which borders on the poetical. To understand the nature of the forces inspiring and motivating such movement is to evoke still greater admiration for the ultimate source of such contrivance.

We do well to rejoice in each new phase of understanding and to pay tribute to all who, in various ways, enrich our knowledge of the universe. It is, however, ironic that with each new advance of learning, and with every discovery made, we find ourselves thrown back upon the fundamental beliefs of early man.

In earlier ages, because the supposed beliefs of primitive man did not conform to current practice, our remote ancestors were dismissed as being of no importance. The divisions in the pattern of religious belief today bear eloquent testimony to the validity of the simple, but no less vital, religious outlook of early man. Unencumbered with the veneer of civilization, primitive man was able to discern the regularity of nature's working. Endowed with intelligence, he estimated that such consistent working necessitated the presence of a supreme motivating force. Thus the term God is seen at its true value. Not necessarily possessing any value of its own, it is introduced to give meaning, even personification, to that irrefutable Ultimate behind the universe. Seen in this way, it becomes obvious that no one nation or people has the right to criticize, and still less condemn, the God of another people. It also follows that religion, being

dedicated to a common end, must recognize the genuineness of the varied means employed thereto.

It will in fact be apparent that, having established the common basis of all religious aspiration, we must expect to find aspects of similarity in the different forms of expression. It is easy, of course, to discern points of contact between Hinduism and Buddhism, while the similarities of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam leap to the mind. In the light of such a revelation, all attempts to effect a measure of union, merely on a sectarian basis, are ludicrous. Mankind is one family, and the source of that family, and indeed of all created life, is one and indivisible. When we are able to conceive the majesty of the source, all our puny divisions will disappear. The primary necessity is for, not discussion, but comprehension. We have not so much to devise some new approach to the concept of Deity as open our minds to the apprehension of that which Is. In this respect, primitive man was far wiser than ourselves. His knowledge was greater, because he sought his objective, unbiased. In other words, in order to understand the concepts of the primitive mind, it is necessary for us to cast aside much of what we deem important. Accordingly, for the purposes of this present study, we have selected some of the beliefs found among the people of the Andaman Islands.

In the South Andaman Islands, Biliku achieves almost the status of Supreme God. Biliku is the north-east wind, who is sometimes represented as married to Terai, the south-west wind, the actual relationship varying from tribe to tribe. In this study we are mainly concerned with Biliku, sometimes known as Puluga.[1]

Puluga is generally regarded as the Creator of the world; this accomplished, he proceeded to make man, and after this woman. Thus far the story of Creation coincides with those found in the Genesis account, these themselves being antecedent to the Bible. In one way or another, this is the common experience with primitive religions. The world being a reality, and man a part of that world domiciled therein, Man is viewed as being the prototype of Deity. Man projects God in order to classify his approximation of the universe. This does not imply any increase or diminution in the standard of Deity. Such a view does not make the concept of the primitive any less valuable than that of the Christian. Both are thinking in terms of the same thing, but, by reason of the differences of background, language, and other distinctions, the choice of expression must of necessity vary.

Man being existent, it follows that by some means or other, he did in the remote past come into being; the presence of the human involves

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[1] A. R. Brown: *The Andaman Islanders* (1922).

the conjecture of a super-human being. This being, while like man in many respects, proving his affinity with him, must of necessity be above and greater than man. Such a conjecture, in order to rationalize that which is apparent, introduces the element of imitation. The fact that this being is seen as the Creator, generative in operation, emphasizes his life-giving function. Once this idea is fully appreciated, man is provided with a goal to achieve, and at the same time a God who must of necessity be appeased. The past thus becomes the prelude to the present, and the present the pathway to the future. Man, coming from a source, may legitimately hope to return thereto. In consequence, human existence is seen as the preparation for superhuman bliss in the great beyond.

If earth is the scene of human endeavour, there must be a place of reward. If human existence is lived out in actuality, then the after-life must be no less real, and the locality of Heaven is established. If there is to be the possibility of reward, there must also be the requisite punishment for those who fail to qualify for the reward. Heaven being above that which is present, it follows in logical sequence that Hell must be below. Thus we encounter both the celestial heights and the infernal regions. The source of inspiration for Dante's graphic vision of the after-life is at hand, and all the material for the Miltonic epic of paradise lost, but later regained, is provided.

The factor of determination in this Divine-Human relationship is the obedience of the human to the dictates of the Supreme, for this super-being, while retaining a measure of humanity, must now be elevated to the character of Divine. Failure to comply with the Divine ordinance, wittingly or otherwise, evokes the wrath of God. Thus we find introduced the sacrificial rite which has become, in one form or another, in every religion, the prerequisite of heaven.

Man now being separated from his source, some manner of communication must be devised between Creator and creature. The Divine breath becomes the agent of creation, and the Divine voice the medium of contact. In the Genesis story, the breath transforms man into a living soul,[2] and the voice rebukes him for his disobedience.[3] The breath occupies a cardinal place both in Hinduism and Buddhism, and in both religions the voice speaks from within. In the Homeric hymn, Demeter anoints Demophoon with ambrosia, and because, while holding him in her arms, she breathed sweetness over him, "he waxed like a god."

Sacrifice is introduced in order to counteract the evil effects of sin, which is disobedience to the God. According to the Cartesian formula sin is the simile for erroneous action consequent upon insufficient evidence.

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[2] Genesis II. 7.

[3] Genesis III. 8; ST. AUGUSTINE: "Let his voice be in his actions."

The important point is the anger of the God occasioned thereby, for which atonement must be made. The breath and the voice figure in every religion. From the matrix of Judaism they passed into the corpus of Christian belief;[4] their presence there merely testifying to the desire on the part of the human to interpret the mind of the Divine.

The breath, being the essence of life, became the symbol of the Divine. What to the primitive and pagan mind constituted the recognition of reality, passed into the nomenclature of the ethical and philosophical religions. From some remotely primitive source it became for the Hebrew synonymous with Jahveh (Yahweh), and after being subjected to certain purificatory rites was adopted as the emblem of God the Holy Spirit. Harriet Auber in her hymn seems to have caught some of the antecedent affiliations of this theme, to which she gives expression in the lines:

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

The voice is the personification of the breath, and breath, being common to all, establishes for all time the affinity of man with God; the link between earth and heaven.

Thus we are able to recognize in the Puluga, the north-east wind, not only the titulary Deity of the Andamanese, but the divine breath of Hinduism and Buddhism, Jahveh (Yahweh) of the Hebrews, Allah of the Muslim, and no less the Christian's God.

In Andamanese belief Puluga taught man how to eat, and some hold that the first men, consuming some of the fruit which the god had reserved for himself, thus evoked his anger. Here we discover another version of the forbidden fruit, resulting in the anger of the Deity. In the Hebrew version, God walks in the garden in the cool of the day and, hearing His voice, Adam hides himself, being stricken with remorse for his disobedience, or fearful of his own well-being. Puluga detects the delinquency of his creatures by smelling their breath and deals out summary punishment by cutting the throats of the disobedient. This somewhat arbitrary manner of administering justice, while it may sound brutal to the sophisticated mind of the Christian, is in keeping with the actions of Jahveh (Yahweh). We recall the story of Elijah who, when confronted by the company of

[4] See E. Jones: *Essays in Applied Psychoanalysis*, pp. 293-5.

fifty sent by the king, called down upon them the fire of heaven. Jahveh (Yahweh) immediately complied with the request of his servant; "And there came down fire from heaven, and consumed him [captain] and his fifty."[5] Elisha, successor to Elijah, appears no less vitriolic. Without hesitation he curses in the name of the Lord the little children who mocked his baldness, "And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them."[6]

Puluga is an example of a natural force made into a supreme god, yet we have to realize that no force exists apart from that which is natural. Science can tell us how things work but fails to supply a reason why. This being so, in fundamental matters we are in no better position than primitive man. It is equally doubtful whether our symbolism is more effective than his, or that our interpretations of that which is invisible more near the truth. The pertinacity of human endeavour in its quest for the Divine, testifies to the virility of the motive, and guarantees an ever unfolding vision of that which lies obscured.

Each succeeding age is the debtor of the past and every generation hands on to those to be, an imperishable heritage. The human can never hope to thwart the purpose or dispose of the Divine source; neither can the finite aspire, while on earth, to a complete understanding of the Infinite. With such a wealth of accumulated lore, and an ever increasing clarity of perception, man pursues his way undaunted, through the darkness and the shadow irresistibly towards the fuller light. The position now achieved is the legacy bequeathed by every seeker from the dawn of time. To us it is given, not only to accept with gratitude the heritage of our ancestors, but to hand to posterity such a treasury, not only unimpaired, but still further enriched by our own indefatigable efforts to interpret the Divine-Human relationship.

Love seeketh not Itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.[7]

F. H. ANGOLD

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[5] 2 Kings I. 10.

[6] 2 Kings II. 24. It is interesting to compare with this the attitude of Jesus' disciples who wished to call down fire upon the indifferent Samaritans (St. Luke IX. 51-6.)

Jesus said: "I am come to send fire on the earth." (St. Luke XII. 49)

St. Paul declares: "Our God is a consuming fire." (Hebrews XII. 29)

[7] WILLIAM BLAKE: "The Clod And The Pebble."

AN INDIAN PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

[**Shri M. A. Venkata Rao** returns to our pages after some time. Always a student of Indian tradition and culture, he shows that the transcendent metaphysics of the Upanishads, the *Gita,* and the Vedanta was nevertheless married to a strong sense of social idealism; of what men, rulers or subjects, ought to do with the cyclic *Yugas.*—ED.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY is even more characteristic of modern thought than rationalist ethics. Karl Marx appeals more to the prevailing interests and aspirations of the age than the austere moralist Immanuel Kant. Though the two world wars have destroyed the old exuberant hopes of an automatic progress under the aegis of science and humanism, the dream of a perfect society to be achieved by reform and revolution continues to exercise a powerful fascination on masses of people in the present world, largely in the form of a socialist or communist Utopia. That is the only social hope in the field today.

The old liberalism has suffered shipwreck and religions like Christianity and Buddhism remain unable to offer their great message in institutional terms — in economic, political, and sociological idiom. Gandhism has retreated after India's independence, the faith of a small group unable to spell out the Indian philosophic and spiritual heritage into the currency and institutions of the new society which alone can appeal to today's generation of Indians. The infinite gulf between the world of the Upaniṣadic *Brahman* and those of the city slum-dweller and the rural labourer remains unbridged by modern social workers and leaders.

But the social hope of communism, though powerful in its pull, feels, to the thoughtful and informed, perilous to human values.

In this situation, a sketch of India's major philosophy of history as contained (in solution, as it were) in the Purāṇas, *itihāsas,* and epics, as well as implied in the *Dharma-Śāstras,* customs, and usages, may be useful. The Christian vision of a *Civitas Dei* (City of God), as delineated for instance by St. Augustine after the collapse of the Roman Empire, helped to mould a new social order in Europe. Attempts are being made to revive its essentials to serve a similar purpose today as a wholesome alternative to the Marxist lure. The Indian vision of history can have its own appeal to leading minds in East and West and is worth presenting in modern terms. It may indicate the direction in which we can find a viable social philosophy that can inspire enthusiasm to build a better society and may be capable of eliciting human values in all dimensions of life more forcefully than current ideas because it is couched in authentic traditional idiom.

What we get out of a philosophy of history depends on what questions

we put to it. Western thinkers influenced by Semitic religions stress the extreme value of a goal to social evolution to be realized at a point of time in the future, "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," as Tennyson says. The idea of a kingdom of God promised in the Bible and in the *Koran* is the source of this stress. The former also interprets the Incarnation of Christ as importing the infinite value of time in general. The other value implicated in this recognition of time is that of human freedom, without which history would become unmeaning. And, without the social hope of a perfect society in the future, the course of history would dissolve in our hands like a rope of sand. It would fail to illuminate the soul, not having any *increasing purpose*. These are the motives to be respected in any philosophy of history.

The Marxist philosophy of history makes a clean sweep of these values except the hope of Utopia and starts *de novo* on an economic interpretation of history as a struggle of classes. But in actual fact, the ugly system to which it has led in communist states behind the Iron Curtain has discredited the Marxist philosophy in the eyes of the thoughtful and the informed.

The Purāṇas and epics contain a certain philosophic view of history (indeed of the whole cosmic and creative process) characteristic of Indian tradition.

The cosmic epochs are thought of as *yugas* or specific periods — *Krita, Tretā, Dvāpara,* and *Kali* — each of long duration.

The first was the Golden Age when *Dharma* (Righteousness) walked on all four feet. That is, it was fully observed in letter and spirit by rulers and by people of all ranks and all vocations. Both the universal or *sādhāraṇa dharmas* and specific, vocational or *varṇa dharmas* were fulfilled by people in their several stations of life.

The individual and social morality of the *Krita* Age formed a psychological climate that elicited the best (*sattva*) from everyone. The best of each reinforced the best impulses of the others. This was a creative cycle in contrast to the destructive cycle of the *Kali* Age when the evil in one brings out the evil in others. Deep calls to deep, whether it is *sattva* or *tamas,* light or darkness, in the soul of man.

The *Tretā* Age declines somewhat from the *Krita* in that *Dharma* then walks with only three feet. It limps. Only three-fourths of law and duty is observed by people. The number who observe the *Dharma* also diminishes.

The *Dvāpara* Age in which the *Mahābhārata* battle took place is worse still — *Dharma* walking only on two feet. Only half the *Dharma* is observed, by only half the people. The depth of interest in and devotion to duty and disinterested service of gods and men suffer diminution still

further. The *Mahābhārata* is full of corruption in high places, offences against women even in imperial families, and the prevalence of cunning and deceit in war and love, which smell of the next age — the *Kali.*

At the end of the *Mahābhārata,* the great author, the sage Vyasa, cries out: "I declare with uplifted arms that *Dharma* alone wins in the end, but no one listens to me!" That is the position at the beginning of the *Kali* Age, in which we live. It expresses the tragic human predicament today.

There is thus an initial conflict between the natural course of evolution (its uncontrolled duration of events, its cosmic dispersion, the emergence of life and its diverse species, and the ascent of intelligence) with the demands of righteousness making for perfection individual and social. As T. H. Huxley said long ago, "The ethical process, though born of the cosmic process, is at enmity with its parent."

But this is *not* the last word of India. The two poles of this cosmic conflict are perfection and light, and materiality or *tamas* almost devoid of consciousness. Perfect activity on the part of the cosmic infinite energy implies these aspects as conditions of self-realization: *Līlā.* The apogee of this process of self-realization is the throwing out of an infinite number of finite spirits of like nature (intelligence, joy, and will) to realize themselves in unison with each other and with the Source (God or Absolute).

The universe is thus "a vale of soul-making" in Keats's phrase, *abhivyaktipātra* or means of realization.

Such a society of finite souls is necessary to express the many-sided richness of the potentiality of fellowship, which is the meaning of spirituality. Spirituality has *jñāna, ānanda,* and *lokasaṅgraha* — knowledge, joy, and social solidarity — as its essential ingredients. Communication is an integral part of insight and discovery, whether in science or religious *bhakti*-devotion. The *Gītā* says: *bodhayantaḥ parasparam* — of those enlightening one another (x. 9).

After this excursion into theosophy (in the sense of theory of God and Universe), we turn back to the cosmic epochs.

The second thought about the *yugas* that we find in the *Dharma-Śāstras* and epics is that each lower *yuga* can and ought to be raised by effort, individual and social, to the next higher: the *Kali* to the *Dvāpara*; the *Tretā* to the *Krita,* the Golden Age. This is the "Return Journey" which is the purpose of history and the ground of the social hope.

The sum of the effects of the tendencies (*saṁskāras*) in a *yuga* will amount to a certain quantum and quality of moral capital (*Dharma* and *Saṁskriti*) if left to individual action, without social co-ordination and without self-discipline and conscious social idealism on the part of individuals. That determines the quality of the *yuga-dharma,* the moral level of the age. The quality of men as well as that of an age or that of a culture

and civilization is determined by the *guṇa* that predominates in their major values and activities. But the true spirit of the age is more properly to be judged by the sum of the effects of the uplifting efforts of the people, rulers and subjects.

It is explicitly laid down that the *yuga* depends on the *Rājā* (King). The *Rājā* can do a great deal to convert the *Kali* age to *Dvāpara* in spirit and quality. That is the role of his leadership and of the leading *élite* of the society as a whole, whose example creates the standards that influence the lives of all (*Gītā,* III. 21). The Ruler shares both in the spiritual merit (*puṇya*) and sin (*pāpa*) of his people. Indeed, all members of society share a collective responsibility for one another, having a common share in the Universal Mind (*Vaishwānara*). The State has thus the role of psychological and ethical leadership. It is not to sit with folded hands in despair at the lawless trends and fashions of beatniks, sex perverts, corrupt politicians, immoral plutocrats, cruel employers, callous hoarders of essential goods in times of scarcity, etc.

How it should best deal with these maladies of society is a matter of *expertise* about which the philosopher cannot dogmatize. The principle is consent and acceptance by the patriotic citizen.

The drive of morality is therefore a many-sided drive against the *tāmasic* and *rājasic* (stagnating and violent) currents of the time. It should be animated by *Dharma* or laws that elicit the higher nature of man in his individual and social aspects and help him to conquer himself in daily life and in his social duties.

The duties of *svadharma* or station in life flowing from one's own nature — teacher, doctor, lawyer, politician, artisan, agriculturist, trader, manufacturer and so on — become thus *established ways of life.*

These ways of life become part of the living tradition of a people, their ethos, *sittelichkeit,* their social customs and morality. They hold out types of individual perfection and social duty to householders in their daily life. They become the most powerful *medium of education* and of social and cultural heredity.

These like the interpretations of law by the judges of the law courts become *authoritative precedents* and enrich the code of law and morality and become part of the integral way of life of a people — their *dharma.* They function as authoritative *suggestions* (even apart from legal disputes) in all cases of perplexity of conscience and guide individual lives by fostering sound well-springs of motive and character.

This *dharma* is an extension of the natural and biological environment into the psychological and ethical dimensions of human life. Such extensions (or storeys or superstructures, to use Marx's term for a different purpose) help man to rise above himself, "to build more lofty mansions for the

soul." They help him "to rise on his dead (and living) selves to higher things." The *Gītā* gives us a striking philosophical basis for this view (VII. 4, 5) in the statement that inanimate and animate Nature are but the lower and higher levels of God's own Nature.

Thus is natural selection superseded and continued at a higher level by *spiritual selection,* by the enrichment of the environment as a system of stimuli compassing the whole arc of culture — art and science and philosophy, ritual and fellowship. The fittest for survival will now be the best in soul judged by universality (God-centred-ness) and not merely by health and strength.

This point of view has received impressive treatment in recent times in the work of Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, who rounds off his wonderfully rich account of scientific evolution from the nebula through the atom and amoeba to man and his historical and sociological strivings with the hint that throughout this long travail the Eye of a Brooding Spirit has stimulated and guided the course of evolution. He expects "a far-off divine event" through the reaching of an "Omega Point," a near-perfect society on the globe. But this is *not certain,* as man has the freedom to make or mar his destiny by his own choice. He can bring the *Krita Yuga* back by the accumulation of *dharma saṁskāras,* usages of morality based on universal insight, or he can persist in his egoism and perish.

It is the point of the Indian philosophy of history that in this way the political and moral institutions of society led by wise leadership *should determine the yuga-dharma* and make it a suitable ladder of ascent to "heaven": to an "earthly paradise" first and then to eternal fellowship or union with the Absolute. The earlier stage is illustrated by the lives of Bodhisattvas, Tirthankaras, and Acharyas with a special *adhikāra* (mission).

This view of social destiny is given in a transcendental setting as part of the pathway to salvation or *mokṣa* in Indian tradition — the Upaniṣads, the *Bhagavad-Gītā,* the *Vedānta Sūtras,* etc. The *śāśvata dharma* that the *Gītā* speaks of (XI. 19; XIV. 27), the everlasting law of morality of which God is the guide, is to make one's actions coincide with the spirit of God in acting for all beings with love (*Gītā,* III. 22, 23).

Now for such an increasing purpose in history as can be and ought to be achieved. The great ones will attain liberation at different times. But as such spirits increase in number and influence, the body of social morality will improve and will enable successive generations to become more and more universal in outlook and action, sympathy and social conscience. Politics will become increasingly spiritualized. Society will approach the condition of an "earthly paradise." This is more inclusive and more spiritual and more capable of eliciting the allegiance of man as such, East and

West, North and South, than the special philosophies current today, Marxism and Semitic Chiliasm.

This synthesizes time and eternity, individual effort based on freedom and a social ethos or ethical capital. The increasing purpose is to enhance such ethical capital so as to bring the better society nearer and to assure it a longer duration when it comes or is realized over a period. This vision reconciles immanence and transcendence as well. The immanent God inspires but does not dictate. He will help to conserve what is achieved but the choice must be man's. It also reconciles individuality and sociality: in the paradox that man can realize himself only by forgetting himself in service to a social world. It includes the values of aristocracy and democracy; *Dharma, Artha, Kama,* and *Moksha,* the here and the hereafter, instead of overvaluing the material standards of life as Marxism does.

Indian ethics distinguishes two stages — social and super-social. The super-social is prepared for by the social stage, with which we are concerned in the philosophic view of history.

M. A. VENKATA RAO

TO REFLECT that another human being, if at a distance of ten thousand years from the year 1883, would enjoy one hour's more life, in the sense of fullness of life, in consequence of anything I had done in my little span, would be to me a peace of soul.

—RICHARD JEFFERIES

METAPHOR AND MODERNITY IN METAPHOR

[THE FIRST PART of **Shri K. Viswanatham's** long essay appeared in July 1964. Below we print the second and concluding part.—ED.]

II

METAPHOR thus interpreted makes us easily aware of the conquest of reality in the imagery of modern poetry influenced by the life-stuff in modern times: Machinery, War, Biology, Lenin and Freud, etc. We are rustled into a Pavloved, Pasteurized, Marxed, and Freudized world. Astronomy destroyed man's great illusion that he was the centre of the universe; biology stressed the animality in man; anthropology pointed out that all customs and conventions were just tribal taboos; Freud made people recognize the primacy of the proletariat of the mind as Marx made the proletariat the spearhead of all political organization. The impact of science on the modern world has been neatly summarized in the saying that Newton banished God from the soul and the Darwinian Survival of the Fittest gave scientific confirmation of the essential manginess of life. The poet is not outfaced by the advances of science. Keats feared that it would unweave the rainbow into the dull catalogue of common things. Wordsworth with greater insight and almost prophetic understanding pointed out:

> If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the Chemist, the Botanist, or Minerologist will be as proper subjects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time shall ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of these respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is called now science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

Burke foresaw the danger of converting duties into doubts; now man is exhorted to cultivate the duty of doubt and according to Karl Mannheim moral uncertainty is a positive gain. In short the value of values is questioned. The Victorian dream world was jettisoned and man-made city supplanted god-made village.

It was Baudelaire who gave new possibilities to poetry in a new stock of images from contemporary life. Poetry demanded economy and concentration. An alert sitting bolt upright, not an easy lolling in an easy chair, is what modern poetry requires. It was Remy de Gourmont who set British critical thinking in the direction of the power and depth and suggestiveness of metaphor. And there is a belief that poetry need not be just criticism of life; it can remake life and engineer psychic wholeness. Hence Richards's "a command of metaphor is a command of life." This is to be placed beside Dante's "It should be a great disgrace to a man if he should rime matters under figure and rhetorical colouring and then, when he was asked, could not strip off that vesture and show the true sense." This shows the gap between the approach of Rhetoric and of Poetry. A figure is an accident occurring in a substance to Rhetoric; now it is the substance itself. When religion no longer appeals, when science debunks man, when culture is a much-divided thing, metaphor is the agent of salvation!

A line like Eliot's "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons," lets us into the very thick of modern imagery — an awareness of new demands. Eliot writes wisely:

> One is not modern by writing about chimney pots or archaic by writing about orifammes. Perhaps the conditions of modern life (think how large a part is now played in our season of life by the internal combustion engine!) have altered our perception of rhythms.

He is very effective in his machine images:

> When the human engine waits
> Like a taxi waiting throbbing
>
> or
>
> When lovely woman
> Smooths her hair with automatic hand
> And puts a record on the gramophone.

The difference between a poet in whom modern sensibility is the very life-breath and another in whom it is flaunted like a tie can be seen if one looks into Tennyson and Spender. Tennyson was ambitious to berhyme Darwin, democracy, astronomy, etc., to life but actually he berhymed them to death. Auden says in "The Orators":

> But Tennyson, remember, thought trains ran in grooves
> The Queen believed cigars were all one piece.

Here is Spender's:

> After the first powerful manifesto
> The black statement of pistons, without more fuss
> But gliding like a Queen, she leaves the station.

A phrase like "black statement of pistons" is beyond Tennyson's sensibility. Another poet, Stanley Snaith, protests:

> The statement of their steel
> Contradicts Nature's softer architecture;
> Earth will not accept them as it accepts
> A wall, a plough, a church so coloured of earth.

Why should it not accept, we ask, the steel which is, as much as the wall, taken out of her bowels? Lucas gives this sensible advice: "And since we live in an age of factory chimneys it is better to gain eyes for such new beauty than to try to recreate the old loveliness by painting them green with imitation branches to resemble trees." One of Spender's best poems is about the pylons:

> Like whips of anger
> With lightning's danger
> There runs the quick perspective of the future.

These "nude giant girls" can inspire a poet as much as the jasmine. The more you know, the greater grows the miracle and even a scientist becomes a man; an understanding man becomes a wondering child. This is how Karlson waxes about these pylons:

> It was growing dark. We were still standing below the high tension conductors and we cast a last glance at the strangely inspiring curves of their slender cables. 20,000 kilowatts were rushing alongside these cables to the city. For a moment it seemed as though I could see this immaterial energy surrounding the wires in a radiant sheath. But we moved on. A physicist must not allow an irrational vision to have its way with him.

Let Snaith abdicate in favour of Karlson! C. D. Lewis, Spender, Auden have been nicknamed "The Pylon School," and Roberts stresses this feature extravagantly. This is how Day Lewis celebrates the birth of his child, and he drags the heifer of contemporaneity to the altar of poetic tyranny:

> Early this morning whistle in the cutting told
> Train was arriving, hours overdue . . .

The modern poets have been powerfully affected by the last War, the Spanish Civil War, and the present muddle. Not merely the futility and horror of it all; it has made them sift their convictions and find them vanishing:

> Pale flakes with fingering stealth come feeling
> for our faces
> or
> Droll rat, they would shoot if they knew
> Your cosmopolitan sympathies

could only have been written by men who suffered in the trenches and from the monstrous anger of the guns. It is not in the adolescent bravado of "Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour" that war poetry steals our hearts but in a greater poet's "Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh."

One may say of this line as of Keats's that it could have been written by any poet from Chaucer downwards. But, knowing the horrors of trench warfare, we cannot but realize the impinging of the war on the poetic mind. With anger in our minds we repeat with Owen: "Was it for this that the clay grew tall. . . ?"

Parson in the preface to the Phoenix anthology of modern poetry refers to the Spanish Civil War as one of the major influences, the War that snuffed out Lorca, Lorca who hated them who

> Hide in their heads
> A vague astronomy
> Of shapeless pistols.

The war imagery affects love and birth:

> Your lips are turretted with guns
> And bullets crack across your kiss

or

Day Lewis's

> Now shall the airman vertically banking
> Out of the blue write a new sky sign

or

Spender's

> Watch the admiring dawn explode like a shell.
> Around us dazing us with light like snow.

Auden's poems are full of vague suggestions of doom, of retreat, and of guerilla campaigns, as pointed out by Lehmann:

> The tall unwounded leader
> of doomed companions

or

> Cover in time with beams those in retreat.

He has summed up "the situation of our time which surrounds like a baffling crime" in "Epistle":

> The Asiatic cry of Pain
>
> . . . .
>
> The dazed uncomprehending stare
> Of the Danubian despair.

Recent events, as can be expected, have roused the Brookes and the Owens. Here is a poet, Stephen Garry:

> A distant gun plants its allotted
> Giant seed of destructive growth
> And blossoming death; the fungi-spotted
> London sky is keeping its troth
>
> . . . .
>
> There is a menace of spring in the air.

The war fungus has crept up the stone surface of the poet's mind.

It is this stone bruteness of the world which has annihilated any difference between god and the devil that sets these poets feverishly to sink in themselves and emerge with the communist (or a better humane) ideology:

> Surely from hunger
> We may strike fire, like fire from flint
>
> or
>
> They beg, their eyes made big with empty staring
>
> or
>
> The red advance of life
>
> . . . .
>
> Beats song into a single blade
> Makes depth charge of grief.

Timon might have thundered against the yellow slave and called upon damnation to "fang this cursed earth full of villainy." A king may lament: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Shelley may have shouted at the pitch of his voice about the classless society. The spirit of

> None can enter here, returned the Shade
> But those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery and will not let them rest

looks like pitiful sobbing beside the gong-like resonance, the aggressive clarity, and the din of conviction in:

> There is no consolation, no, none
> In that curving beauty of the line
> Traced on our graphs through history
> Where the oppressor starves and deprives the poor.

In the earlier poets pleading for the underdog was individual, but now it is insistent and pervasive like the air. Spender tells us in *The Destructive Element* that the Airman's journal in "Orators" is a study of diseased modern society. The airman is not tied down; he studies the enemy with the acuteness of a psychologist and tests the capitalist state with the Marxian ideology, and finally realizes the Gandhian non-violent technique:

The power of the enemy is a function of our resistance. In shorter compass we see this in Day Lewis's "The Conflict":

> Move then with new desires
> For where we used to build and love
> Is no man's land and only ghosts can live
> Between two fires.

Imagery like "The red advance of life," "Between two fires," comes to us with arrowy speed feathered with a new intellectual awareness of the disjointed world. As Shaw says, there was plenty of pessimism before Marx in the Book of Job and Shakespeare, but Marx documented it for the first time and created a demand for a new world.

The discovery of the subconscious and free association and the theory of communication have definitely influenced the repudiation of tidy logical exposition and the self-explaining easy-to-follow train of thought:

> His true Penelope was Flaubert,
> He fished by obstinate isles;
> Observed the elegance of Circe's hair
> Rather than mottoes on sundials.

The poets have a charter to confound the relaxing reader; ideas and images are piled up like broken and injured coaches in an innyard. Others abide our question but the modern poets are free; they feel insulted if they are understood. "Vacant shuttles weave the wind."

Study of anthropology, biology, etc. is responsible for a sense of historical and evolutionary growth as in

> I might have been a pair of rugged claws
> or
> What rough beast, its hour come round at last
> Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Sexual imagery is prominent in some poets' lines.

This imagery can be traced to D. H. Lawrence's "I don't take myself seriously except between 8 and 9 a.m. and on the stroke of midnight" and his *jehad* for the worship of the solar plexus and the myths of the fertility ritual that have become the groundwork for some poems. Clinical imagery is particularly noticeable in Auden's

> Sir, no man's enemy, forgiving all . . .

or Eliot's notorious, though borrowed,

> Like a patient etherized on a table . . .

The idea of people suffering from some psychological illness crops up time and again in Auden:

The spot on your skin is a shocking disease
or
This country of ours where nobody is well.

This preoccupation with the whole of life on the part of these poets,

To hold
My ear against its ever female heart,

has irritated Edith Sitwell into damning these as the "Bungalow School," but the criticism is unjust. The poets draw upon sense data since they cannot help seeing "like the hawk or the helmeted airman":

The great cranks rise and fall, repeat
The great cranks plod with their Assyrian feet
To match the monotonous energy of the sea.

In a poet like Auden modern sensibility is integrated; it is all-pervasive like the waste land. He lives and breathes modernity. It is this amazing gift of distilling poetry from forbidding retorts that Day Lewis admires in him:

Join there the insufficient units
Dangerous, easy, in furs, in uniform
And constellated at reserved tables
Supplied with feelings by an efficient band
Relayed elsewhere to farmers and their dogs.

The handling of metaphor by modern poets is said to be responsible for their obscurity; it is private, compressed, confused. In their search for freshness the poets wake up the sleeping Endymions of language with their moon touch. When Edith Sitwell speaks of Emily-coloured hands, it passes over us like water off a duck's back. When she hears the morning light braying like an ass, sees the pink freezing stars, touches the swinish hairy breasts of the rough wind, we are aware of a reasoned or mad confusion of the senses. Eliot's fog which

Licked its tongue into corners of the evening

does not confuse us like Sitwell's "bird-bosomed waterfalls." Day Lewis in his *A Hope for Poetry* instances a novel use of metaphor by the poets:

The pure night eye, moon
Labours, a monumental mason
To *gloss* over a world of stone.

They also adopt the reverse method of expressing the mottoes on sundials in terms of Circe's hair to acclimatize the reader to this bewilderment. This is particularly noticeable in Spender:

Pylons those pillars
Bare like nude giant girls that have no secret.

It is the compressed metaphors that are difficult. Roberts in his preface tries to defend this eccentricity of the modern poets:

> The moment you say one thing is like another you remind the reader that the two things are after all different and there may be an effect of dilution and long-windedness which is inimical to poetry. The poet therefore condenses his metaphor. It is a shorthand which must be learned by patient effort.

The beauty of real poetry is like the beauty of Helen storming us at first sight though deeper understanding may result out of a warm clasp, coaxing, and manipulation; it is not a Gioconda smile or the Sphinx riddle seducing us into sterile anfractuosities. The following stanza did not shed its obscurity and reveal its moonlit beauty even to the violent efforts of Eastman:

And wrecks passed without sound of bells
The calyx of death's bounty giving back
A scattered chapter, livid hieroglyph
The portent wound in corridors of shells.

One is prepared to master the shorthand if the labour yields indisputable gold as in

Eye gazelle, delicate wanderer
Drinker of horizon's fluid line.

If metaphor is merely baffling we can protest with the Monkey to Patriarch Subodhi: "There you go again! What, pray, do you mean by fishing the moon out of the water?" The modern poets are avuncularly communicative and we once again echo the sensible Monkey: "That does not sound much good. I shall not learn exercises."

K. VISWANATHAM

DJERBA

[Readers will remember **Mrs. Florence E. Pettit's** many accounts in our pages of various worthy social efforts and causes. Her information on such activities comes from a warm and active concern in many such. She is active in the work of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and deeply concerned with better relationships between individuals and nations.

This brief sketch describes her visit to an island off the Tunisian coast where Arabs and Jews have lived peacefully together for centuries.—Ed.]

In these days of periodic resurgences of Arab-Jewish tension, it is good to know of a place where, for centuries, Arabs and Jews have lived together harmoniously.

This is on an island that measures only two hundred and fifty square miles, about the same size as the Isle of Man. Djerba lies in the Mediterranean just off the Tunisian coast. It is linked to the mainland by an ancient Roman causeway, which was rebuilt in 1951. There is a tiny aerodrome on the island. The flight from Tunis takes about one hour.

I approached Djerba, however, by ferryboat. This ramshackle craft plies regularly between Djorf, not far from the Tunisian Sahara and the cave-dwellers of Medinine. We were on our way to the little town of Adjim, with its neat white dwellings, and its bright blue grilles and shutters. Our car was hoisted on to a crude raft slung amidships. We ourselves huddled on to the tiny deck with a couple of camels, some sheep, an assortment of live chicken, and half a dozen bicycles. The only other passengers were five or six Arabs.

The trip took less than half-an-hour. The water was, fortunately, calm. We had been told that, should the sea roughen up, the car would be the first object to be jettisoned. A few fishing boats with coarse brown sails passed us. We chugged past a line of low sandbanks that had been planted with esparto grass. Cormorants stood there drying their ugly black wings in the breeze.

There were more camels and sheep waiting to embark at Adjim. We got off, and drove to our hotel on the other side of the island. We found it was all on the ground floor, white-walled and many-domed. The plumbing was excellent, but the electricity was erratic. The accommodation for our hired car was beneath an open rattan canopy erected on slim poles as protection from the sun. The blue Mediterranean lapped the white sands of the shore beyond our pebble courtyard. The hotel was quiet and very comfortable.

But the true Djerba lies within the heart of the island, where the old mosques and the ancient synagogues still stand. We drove along a good

road beside the sea, passing a *marabout*, the shrine or dwelling of a holy man. We saw him outside; an elderly bearded Arab, sweeping loose sand from hard sand with a graceful palm frond. It was Friday, the Moslem Holy Day. No one was working.

We got out of the car to greet three lovely Berber women, each wore her best gold dress. They brushed aside their soft white veils, and we attempted to converse, but we only managed to communicate by smiles and nods. Their golden earrings sparkled and swung as they moved towards us. Each lady, as she smiled, revealed some gold-filled teeth. Each wore a signet ring on the third finger of her left hand. We shook their hands, whereupon they kissed their own prettily, as though we had conferred some favour upon them.

A group of Tunisian women and boys were idling beside their house. We gave the men some English cigarettes and the women some newly minted pennies. They invited us to see their home. This was a simple mud-baked dwelling, with a raised sleeping platform. A sleeping baby lay swaddled on the ground. The people were very friendly. One or two spoke French. A transistor radio roared out a commentary in Arabic on a football match that was taking place in Tunis. This surprised us as much as had the sight of a modern wardrobe in another simple home that had, also, no vestige of furniture within. Only a pile of sandals in a corner revealed that people lived there.

By the water's edge a group of women were washing sheepskins, treading them with their bare feet. We went on past a quay where picturesque sponge boats were being prepared for sailing. Nearby was the site of the Tower of Skulls. Turkish conquerors had made a pyramid of Christian heads when they had sunk a Spanish fleet off the island in 1560. In 1848 the Bey had mercifully ordered that the skulls be buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery.

We drove down an avenue of feathery grey-green acacias near a ruined Spanish fort, towards the principal town of Houmt Souk. We passed ancient olive trees, some over three hundred years old. As the trees become unproductive, and are replaced by younger ones, they are felled. The fine old wood is then used to stoke the underground, and sometimes undersea, ovens that from time immemorial have baked the primitive clay pots and waterjars that are still in use.

Although we were merely women, the two of us were allowed to visit the two-thousand-three-hundred-years old synagogue in the Great Ghetto of Hara Khebira. It is called Great because there is, still in use, a smaller synagogue nearby. When Jerusalem was destroyed in the first century, many Jews are believed to have fled here. In the twelfth century, Djerba once again became a place of asylum, this time for Jews escaping from

persecution in Tripoli. The race suffered again during the Spanish persecutions of 1510 and 1540.

On this day we saw few Jewish women, for they were mainly indoors preparing for the breaking of the fast. The few we did observe scuttling down alleyways were extremely beautiful, often slender as their Arab sisters. At one time, no Jewish woman was considered acceptable to a man unless she was very plump.

There were many dark-eyed Jewish boys running about between the busy Arab population that thronged the tiny market place. It would have been impossible to walk in the square without bumping into someone. It was difficult enough driving the car at a crawl amongst them. A bearded Rabbi stood aloof in a doorway. He had a most distinguished nose. There were many other adult Jews, mostly wearing black berets and loose black pantaloons, finished at the knee with a garter-like trimming. Some, however, wore heavy brown burnooses. They rubbed shoulders with the Arabs in their robes and red tarbooshes.

Dates, oranges, nuts, and large flat round loaves of bread were exchanging hands, and olives, vegetables, and fishes were also being sold.

A Jewish boy took us into his tiny home to greet his mother. She sat upon the floor of her miniature kitchen. Her pots and pans were ranged along a ledge behind her. She seemed to be a little simple. Washing hung in the small courtyard out of which each little room led. In an alcove in the wall there was the tiniest possible well. The water looked clear and deep, but the bucket had been fashioned to the size of an English child's seaside pail.

Many homes had the ancient fish symbol painted on their walls. There were frescoes too. We saw the palm of a human hand, for instance, washed on in vivid blue. Each finger had a flat, banana-shaped radiation from it. The palm-tree symbol painted upon a house or a courtyard wall meant that a newly married couple dwelt there. Over one door a pair of gazelle horns had been affixed, to guard against the evil eye.

Outside the ghetto we had seen many large wells surrounded by low white walls. Huge wooden poles were used to lift the wooden buckets or skin bags.

We visited a tiny pottery and a thriving olive press, but the rest of this article must restrict itself to the visit to the synagogue.

We were welcomed by three small boys, who were the first to spot us. They fetched Samuel Cohen, the President of the Jewish Community. He looked just like an Old Testament patriarch. He invited us into the holy place, which was a large dark square room with arches leading off into other rooms.

There was a huge central dais, rather like the dock of one of our own

magistrate's courts. The beautifully hand-carved wood was black with age. Faded red draperies hung down, but the walls were beautiful with brightly coloured mosaic tiles, or else they were hung with memorial tablets. A stone plinth ran around the entire tabernacle with simple rattan mat seats upon it. Beneath the mats the tiles were bright and decorated in red and green floral designs.

A glass chandelier, green and transparent, hung down from the ceiling. The floor beneath it was coated with birds' droppings. We had admired clear glass chandeliers in the mosques that we had visited, and noticed birds' droppings underneath them too. This glass however, was green and dingy.

As we had had to do in the mosques, we removed our shoes before penetrating into the inner sanctuary. We saw here the precious *thoras,* the thousand-year-old parchments of the indexes of the law. One roll was made of soft sheepskin, or maybe kid.

Incense was burning. There were hanging jars of olive oil, each with a cotton wick.

Outside the synagogue stands an enormous guesthouse, capable of holding, every year in May, some five thousand pilgrims. This conception of a Jewish pilgrimage was new to us. Previously we had only been told of Moslem ones.

Inside there was a large square courtyard, with simple cells arranged on two floors around it. Each cell had a raised wooden platform for sleeping on. One door was marked POLICE. The cell beside it was intended to accommodate the rare pilgrim who drank too much liquor.

We passed through a very small courtyard crammed full with a flowering jasmine. In the corner was a pathetic attempt to grow peas and beans in some sparse shade. Two tortoiseshell cats sunned themselves. A dog, tied to the wall on a length of string, barked.

We entered the empty restaurant that the pilgrims used each May. An ugly wooden counter stretched along one wall, making me think of one in a saloon bar perhaps in a cowboy film.

We left the ancient ghetto as the sun was setting. We stopped the car on a small hill to watch the sky shot, so it seemed, with blood. Palm trees were darkly silhouetted.

Our thoughts were deep.

FLORENCE E. PETTIT

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE FULFILMENT OF VERRIER ELWIN *

PEOPLE who live highly controversial lives owe an explanation to themselves and to others, an explanation that is best given in the form of an autobiography. They are the ones best equipped to tell us what they did and why they did it and the consequences to themselves. Dr. Elwin considers it a little presumptuous to attempt a summing up at the early age of sixty, an age at which, he says, a man really just begins to learn, but it is well that he did make the effort; for he was dead before the book was out of the press. Without it a very remarkable life would have gone unrecorded. We are indeed grateful for this book.

It is very attractively written and produced. The photographs are excellent. The lovely picture of his wife and the snapshots of their sons awaken our deep sympathy. We share their sorrow and are concerned for their future. Elwin writes:

> There is no greater fulfilment than the love of a wife and children who love you in return. There is no greater discipline or challenge to self-denial than to live in a family which you take seriously.... I put first, among the good things possible to ordinary people like myself, a happy home.

Such a home was his ultimate ambition and he achieved it. The last ten years of his life, in Shillong, his headquarters as Adviser to the Indian Government for Tribal Affairs in NEFA, were the happiest he was ever to know.

Verrier Elwin had a buoyancy of disposition and a zest for life which carried him through many difficult years. He was happy by nature. He felt there is no greater expression of love than to work for beauty, freedom, and happiness, to preserve it where it exists and restore it where it is lost. Among the poor and exploited people to whom he dedicated his life there was a need to maintain these imponderable values, to display them in his own person, and to work for peace and reconciliation. There was the need for reverence, reverence for all life and ideas. It is these things which give dignity to the life of man. He cherished most affectionate and friendly people, the beauty of the mountains, excitement and variety of experience, and the sense of doing something worth while.

The search for work that would be worth while brought him to India and to Gandhi. Elwin was seven years old and the eldest of three children when his father, an Anglican bishop, died of yellow fever in Sierra Leone. His childhood was circumscribed by economic limitation and the narrowness of orthodox Christian theology. He was a good student and went up to Oxford in 1921, joining Merton, which had been his father's college. After finishing the English course he stayed on another two years to complete the course in Theology. Poetry was his first great love and theology his second. He was appointed chaplain at Merton and Vice-Principal of Wycliffe Hall.

Both poetry and theology led him to the study of mysticism. He wrote several books, one on St. Francis of Assissi, whose life and message he tried to interpret in Indian terms, and another on *The Cloud of Unknowing*. He studied Boethius. He hoped to find a point in mysticism at which all religions might meet.

Poetry also set him among those Europeans, those Englishmen, to whom colonialism and imperialism were intolerable, to whom the freedom of subject peoples everywhere is a passion, a consuming ideal.

**The Tribal World of* VERRIER ELWIN : *An Autobiography*. (Oxford University Press. Bombay. 349 pp. 1964. Rs. 20·00)

And it was through poetry that Elwin came to anthropology. All that men anywhere have treasured has been stored in their poetry. It unveils the inner man and for that reason is called the mother tongue of the human heart. Elwin set about translating the myths and legends of the tribes he studied. His interest in theology expanded, growing into an interest in the origin of religious concepts in mythico-religious fantasy. He found this fantasy in his work with the tribal peoples of India, among whom it is manifest in all its pristine volatility and freedom. This was a most unorthodox approach and it was questioned, although Oxford later gave him a doctorate for his researches.

Elwin came to India as a member of the Christa Seva Sangh, an organization which had been founded to explore the possibilities of the reorientalization of the Christian religion. He arrived in November 1927 and paid his first visit to Sabarmati a few months later, in January 1928. The impact of this visit was decisive. He felt reborn. With his friend, Shamrao Hivale, he planned to build up a small settlement based on a blend of Franciscan and Gandhian ideals in a remote village. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel suggested he turn his attention to the tribal peoples of India, who had, up to that time, been much neglected. Jamnalal Bajaj was prepared to provide for his immediate needs. In 1932 Elwin and Hivale settled at Karanjia, a Gond village in the Mandla district of the Central Provinces. Thus began a courageous sojourn of twenty-two years in little-known parts of India.

Elwin did not realize at first the very serious consequences his actions were to have. Friction with English officials and the Church developed quickly. He resigned from the Christa Seva Sangh when he went to Karanjia and renounced membership of the Church of England both as a priest and as a communicant three years later. He did not, for that reason, cease to be a Christian. It was only that India had shaken him out of a conventional acceptance of the forms of religion. In their place he found a working faith.

During his second brief visit to England the British Government made him sign an undertaking to the effect that he would not participate in politics or associate to any great extent with those who did. This was the condition on which he was permitted to return to India. After India became free Elwin took the next logical step and became an Indian citizen, completing his identification with the people he had come to love and with a country of which he was proud by uniting his fate with theirs.

LILA RAY

A CLASSIC NEW STUDY OF KEATS *

THIS new study of John Keats as man and poet is so masterly that it at once ranks as a classic. Professor Bate's name must be joined in Keats scholarship with those hallowed ones of the two Buxton Formans and Sidney Colvin.

There is a biographical background, but that is far less important than Professor Bate's consideration of Keats's mental and poetical development. In dealing with individual poems he gives more attention to the development of technical skill than any other writer before him; and in dealing with those "difficult" works — which may perhaps be regarded as the greatest test of a Keats critic — "Endymion" and "The Fall of Hyperion," he has much to say that is new and valuable. "A long Poem," Keats himself wrote, "is a test of Invention which I take to be the Polar Star of Poetry, as Fancy is the Sails, and Imagination the Rudder." Professor Bate (not a little to the relief

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* *John Keats.* By WALTER JACKSON BATE. (The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press; Oxford University Press, London. xvii + 732 pp. Illustrated. 1963. 55*s*.)

of at least one Keats student) sweeps away allegorical and symbolic interpretations. He would have us take at their own value the vivid and beautiful handling of Greek myths, as in the "Hymn to Pan," all exhibiting that exact observation of nature so characteristic of the poet. There are lines, in contrast to the many written in Keats's earlier flowery manner, which leap from the pages as you turn them; such as

> Old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood
> Or blind Orion hungry for the morn; . . .

or (of the god of love)

> awfully he stands;
> A sovereign quell is in his waving hands;
> No sight can bear the lightning of his bow:

or (of Glaucus' bewitched love)

> Cold, O cold indeed
> Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
> The sea-swell took her hair.

Professor Bate does not, of course, maintain that "Endymion" is no more than a charming Grecian tale: he works out how it was, especially in II. 780-802, in Keats's own words, "a regular stepping of the Imagination towards a Truth" — an eager and purposeful stride towards the great Odes.

In considering "The Fall of Hyperion" others have noted a new humility of mind, but Professor Bate is the first, I think, to point out that here as never before in any of Keats's longer poems,

> the imagery and tone begin to move directly towards the religious and the sacramental. A strong magnetic attraction toward the Biblical (both Hebraic and Christian) is countered by a strenuous effort to universalize the religious quest . . . the twentieth-century reader is struck by images, assertions, indeed basic premises, that anticipate much that we associate with existentialism (no other major nineteenth-century poem does this to the same extent).

My space is here too limited to follow Professor Bate's exposition in its entirety and I can only recommend a close study of it.

I have said that the importance of this book lies less in its biographical aspect than in the critical and interpretative, but where it becomes pure biography, in the last year of Keats's life when his work was over, it is both graphic and moving. The narrative of Keats's journey to Rome and his last painful months there is beautifully done, written in a style at once correct and easy. Professor Bate's style, indeed, is one of the minor pleasures of his book, especially to an English ear, salted as it is here and there with lively Americanisms.

I have but one bone of contention with Professor Bate, and that is his acceptance of Mr. Gittings's theory that "the lady from Hastings" was the Mrs. Jones who, we know, suggested the theme of "The Eve of St. Agnes." This theory, worked up from a mere suggestion thrown out in a footnote to Miss Joanna Richardson's *Fanny Brawne,* is ingenious, circumstantially supported, and skilfully presented in *John Keats: The Living Year,* but I maintain that it has no foundation whatever in hard fact. This supposed personal link with the beautiful Isabella, although early repudiated by Middleton Murry, captured the public's fancy and has been widely accepted even by such scholars as Professor Bate and the late Hyder E. Rollins, editor of Keats's *Letters*; although lately I found it summarily dismissed in a recent Oxford University Press selection of Keats's poems by Professor Roger Sharrock, of Durham, in his excellent introduction, as "based on mere conjecture."

DOROTHY HEWLETT

Show: The Magazine of the Arts: A Special Report on the Bard Today (Hartford Publications Inc., New York. 116 pp. February 1964. 75 cents)

In 1964, four hundred years after his birth, Shakespeare, like ether, pervades the world of literary sensibility. He is the universal favourite as dramatist and

poet. All nations are offering their homage to him. Men of letters, dramatists, actors, producers, editors — all seem eager to record their admiration and gratitude. And here is *Show*'s "special report on the Bard today." There is inevitably a splash of some of the great names in art, drama, criticism, scholarship, and the theatre. Aldous Huxley's essay on "Shakespeare and Religion" — completed the day before he died — almost reads like his own last will and testament. Shakespeare, says Huxley, was no systematic theologian; he was concerned only with the broader issues of life and death, time and eternity. There are many facets to the Shakespearian reading of the meaning and mystery of life; the plays are, indeed, what Keats said they are — Shakespeare's comments on the "life of allegory" that he lived. Human beings are caught in the play of *māyā*, but Reality reigns behind the shadow-play, and could — and should — be inferred and realized. "The world is an illusion," Huxley says, commenting on Prospero's speech in *The Tempest* —

> We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep —

and adds: "but it is an illusion which we must take seriously because it is real as far as it goes, and in those aspects of the reality which we are capable of apprehending." Neither love your life to excess, nor try to escape your plain responsibilities; and while you live, live wisely — and learn to see the Real in the appearance, the timeless in the temporal.

Of the other contributors, Dr. A. L. Rowse is full of self-confidence, and writes about the "real" Shakespeare; we learn that Shakespeare was like Berowne, in *Love's Labour's Lost*; perhaps he was even more like Dr. Rowse! The dramatists — Christopher Fry, Jack Richardson, Peter Shaffer, Bella Spewack, Jack Kerouac — tell us what Shakespeare means to them. Actors like Margaret Webster and John Gielgud, humorists like James Thurber and Bernard Levin, novelist-critics like J. B. Priestley and Mary McCarthy, the Negro leader James Baldwin, the great scholar Kittredge — all have interesting or pertinent things to say of the man Shakespeare or of his art. There is also a vivid appreciation of Kittredge as a teacher of Shakespeare at Harvard. There are photographs of Warwick Castle and the river Avon, paintings by Eugene Berman ("Othello and Iago"), Domenico Gnoli ("Romeo and Juliet") and Leonar Feni ("Ophelia"). And, of course, there is "Hamlet" by the surrealist, Salvador Dali: the royal blue Hamlet in the coils of the black serpents of doubt — the two Hamlets in Ophelia's speech invoked at one and the same time:

> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion and the mould of form . . .
> That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
> Blasted with ecstasy.

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

Clarity Is Not Enough: Essays in Criticism of Linguistic Philosophy. Edited by H. D. LEWIS. (Muirhead Library of Philosophy. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 447 pp. 1963. 45*s*.)

The essays, drawn from various sources, are by sixteen leading teachers of philosophy in Britain and the U.S.A.

Fashions are like the weather, they come in cyclones and anticyclones, and it must be confessed sorrowfully that philosophers are every bit as susceptible to fashion as women are. The modern fashion is that

> they do not set out to describe, or even to explain, the world, still less to change it. Their concern is only with the way in which we speak about the world. Philosophy, it has been said, is talk about talk. (Professor Ayer, p. 403).

The view that "the sole and whole function of philosophy" is "the detection of the sources in linguistic idioms of recurrent mis-

constructions and absurd theories" has, in the past twenty years, become widespread among practising philosophers in England. (Professor Harris, p. 201).

This fashion developed out of the fashion whereby philosophy became the charwoman of science. Philosophers agreed that the only test of truth is by experiments that can be repeated in the strictly scientific way, and that is the job of scientists. Not seeing that this is pure assumption, they discarded metaphysics. The philosophy based on science, concentrating on language, is stigmatized by the fact that not one of the philosophers is a philologist.

Professor Ayer says that "there is now a fair measure of agreement among philosophers that theirs is what is technically called a second-order subject."

The significance of this book, expressed in its title, is that the fashion is beginning to change. But, as would be expected, in arguing that clarity is not enough, the writers continue to write in the elaborate style of learned trifling still in fashion.

It is confessed in the book that, in the university explosion, not much money is going to be spent on philosophy as practised today.

Here and there in the book are hints of reform. It has dawned that the task of the philosopher is synthesis — in our over-specialized knowledge to try to find how the jigsaw puzzle is likely to come out as a whole. Professor Blanchard says, "The aim of philosophy is to know the nature of things in its more fundamental features."

R. F. RATTRAY

Pearls of Wisdom. By D. S. SARMA. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 244 pp. 1962. Rs. 2.00; 3*s*. 6*d*.; 90 cents)

At a time when the average educated Indian is despairing of finding a world view which will be adequate to meet both the speculative and the practical needs of the age, here is Professor Sarma coming to his rescue with his succinct and dependable exposition of the best in ancient Indian thought. It emerges from his treatment that the wisdom of our ancient seers provides a religious philosophy which as philosophy is grounded in reason and as religion is centred in God.

Bristling as it is with endless controversies, both academic and sectarian, the task of finding a universal religious philosophy in the hoary literature of India is no easy one; and we cannot think of a more competent person than the author to prove equal to the all but baffling task. His unerring insight into the fundamentals of Hinduism, unfailing elegance of language, and deep acquaintance with both the Indian and the English ways of thinking have gone to make his book at once readable and useful to the present-day reader.

As President Radhakrishnan pointedly observes in his Foreword to this book:

> Professor Sarma has devoted a lifetime of thought and reflection to the fundamental problems of religious philosophy. He has given in this book a very lucid and readable account of the main problems which concern thinking people, based on the teachings of our classics — the Upanishads and the Bhagavad-Gita. The illuminating comments are related to the selected texts. . . . This book has a message not only to our people but also to others.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part (Chs. I-VIII) summarizes the wisdom of Upanishadic seers under headings like scriptures, faith, reason and knowledge, God, man and the world, rituals, moral development, virtues and vices, and the Law of Karma. The *yogas* taught in the *Gītā* as also reflections on *Brahman* and *Ātman* form the chapters of Part II (IX to XIV); while Part III (Chs. XV to XX) discusses the nature of the world of spirit and the significance of mystic experience.

Each one of the chapters contains carefully selected and lucidly translated passages from the Upanishads and the

Gītā which are pithily explained in brief introductions. We congratulate the author on his splendid work and the Bhavan for including it in its popular Book University series.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

The Sufi Message of Hazrat Inayat Khan. Volume x: Sufi Mysticism; The Path of Initiation and Discipleship; Sufi Poetry; Art: Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow; The Problem of the Day. (Published for International Headquarters of the Sufi Movement, Geneva, by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 270 pp. Frontispiece. 1964. 32*s.* 6*d.*)

The One Spirit, which exists behind the multitude of forms, delights in this multitude. Indeed in Its increase It ever seeks fresh outlets for self-expression. Life is a symphony in which every single soul is an essential note. It is in the striking of that note truly that lies the purpose of the individual, and it can only be true if it is in harmony with the whole. It is pointless to quarrel about whose note is best. All are right, if struck truly, and all are equally necessary to the perfect symphony.

Nowhere have I found this widely held belief more clearly illustrated than in this latest volume of Sufi teaching, which has valuable sections on Sufi Mysticism, Sufi Poetry, and Art, all stressing the reasonable purposefulness of life, and helping us to understand.

God's being is Love. But love must manifest itself. It must be given and received. It must feel and be felt. There must be relationship. There must be contact. The One God behind the many forms is God indeed, but His purpose is known, His nature is known, only by manifestation. When Jesus, who is quoted constantly (as are the Hindu Scriptures to the same end), said, "I am the way . . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by me," he meant just this. Ramakrishna, who knew the formless God, clung to the end to the forms which had led him to this realization. When a man has to pinch himself to see if he is still awake, he sees how God can only know Himself in touch, in relationship. All life, in its smallest detail, is based on a balance of opposites in contact. Destroy this contact and there is no life.

In its concluding section, "The Problem of the Day," this book holds up again the ideal of universal Brotherhood under the God of all, giving and receiving in understanding harmony.

D. S. MAXTED

Gandhi's Discovery of Religion: A Philosophical Study. By N. A. NIKAM. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. 78 pp. 1963. Re. 1.00; 2*s.*; 50 cents)

Written with felicity and fervour, in a lucid and graceful style, this little book is a collection of the three lectures which Professor Nikam delivered first before the P.E.N. All-India Centre, Bombay, and later before The Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore. The author calls these lectures "an attempt at a philosophical study and exposition of Mahatma Gandhi's writings." They are a brief but beautiful exposition.

Politicians generally do not speak the language of the saints. But Gandhiji was no ordinary politician; he was a very strange combination of mystic, saint, and practical politician. He was a unique phenomenon; for him there was no religion apart from human activity. In the acid test of experience, he remained an essentially religious person, endowed with the highest and most human qualities. For Gandhi there was no other God than Truth, and the only means for the realization of Truth, Love or Non-violence. The knowledge of truth and the practice of love are impossible without self-purification. And suffering purifies the self and rinses the spirit clean. Non-violence is the supreme law. Its practical application in life is *satyagraha.* It is rooted in the power of

reality, in the inward strength of the soul, and is the positive virtue of doing good. Love can overcome the enemy, not by destroying him but by changing him. For he, too, is a person of like passions, prejudices, and predilections with ourselves. Passive resistance or *satyagraha* is a sword that blesses him who uses it and him against whom it is used. Without drawing a drop of blood, it produces far-reaching results.

Gandhiji's religion was an intensely practical one. For him sanctity and service of man were inseparable. "My creed," says Gandhiji, "is service of God and therefore of humanity . . . and service means pure love." He believed in the sanctification of all life. He viewed politics as a branch of ethics and religion. He considered politics a persistent and continuous effort to enable the submerged millions to attain the good life, to raise the quality of human beings, to train them for freedom and fellowship, for spiritual depth and social harmony.

Living as we do in an age of confusion and crowding doubts, it is imperative for us to know what is right and what is wrong. Today we are standing at a great crossroads in the life of man. The path of violence is perilous and freedom seldom exists for long where there is violence. The way of violence and war has brought the world to a sorry pass, and it is time it heeded the teachings of one of its wisest and saintliest men and turned to the path of Truth and Non-violence. That way alone lies the salvation of mankind.

SURENDRANATH AGNIHOTRI

The Right Honourable V. S. Srinivasa Sastri: A Political Biography. By P. KODANDA RAO. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 476 pp. 1963. Rs. 28.00)

The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri was one of the most distinguished of Indian politicians. He played a notable part in moulding national thought on vital issues confronting the country during the four decades preceding the attainment of freedom, and an authentic biography of him was a felt need. Shri P. Kodanda Rao has met that need admirably. Shri Rao is uniquely qualified for the task by his close association with Shri Sastri, who indicated him more than once as one who could correctly interpret him.

Shri Kodanda Rao writes with both admiration and understanding, as is only natural; he also writes with an appreciation of the times, the conditions and circumstances, under which Shri Sastri worked. In all that he says he underscores the high personal integrity, and the great moral strength of his subject.

Shri Sastri's dominant characteristic was his "cross bench" outlook, which he himself admitted more than once, and which reflected his sincere attempt to understand the intentions and viewpoints of the other man, while honestly and uncompromisingly holding on to and expressing his own with conviction and without equivocation. That outlook was, broadly speaking, the view of the Liberal party in India that India's freedom should, and could, be won by constitutional methods and means, by argument and discussion, and not by the direct or extra-constitutional methods of direct action or non-violent non-cooperation. This was unacceptable to Gandhiji and the Congress between 1920 and 1946, and the Liberals, with Shri Sastri as their most distinguished representative, bore much ridicule.

Shri Sastri received many high honours, including the coveted membership of the Privy Council and nomination as Indian delegate to the Imperial Conference. He was among those who played a distinguished part in moulding the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, was a member of the first two Round Table Conferences, a member of the old Imperial Legislative Council, and a prominent actor in many of the crucial events in Indian politics during the first four decades of this century. He held diplomatic positions denied to other Indians at that time, the most impor-

tant of which was as the Government of India's Agent in South Africa.

Nevertheless the British Government, which had earlier acknowledged and recognized his sterling qualities of head and heart, could not tolerate his reasoned criticisms of the Federal scheme evolved at the second Round Table Conference and the safeguards for British vested interests and for the Indian Princes. Shri Sastri was excluded from the third Round Table Conference.

Repeatedly in Shri Kodanda Rao's narrative we are enabled to realize the immense trust, confidence, and love that subsisted between Gandhiji and Shri Sastri, despite their being poles apart in their political and other ideas and the different paths they advocated for the country's liberation. Says Shri Rao:

> Sastri was perhaps the one friend outside the circle of his disciples whom Gandhi consulted on critical occasions and whose advice he valued, though he found himself unable to accept it.

It was Shri Sastri, we learn, who persuaded the Mahatma to attend the second Round Table Conference, which till the last minute he was reluctant to do. During his last fatal illness in 1946, when Gandhiji went to see him, Shri Sastri confessed the strong personal affinity which bound him to the Mahatma.

> You are nearer and dearer to me than my own brothers, sons and daughters and other members of the family. We have come together by some inner affinity. No external reason can explain our friendship. Gokhale was but the occasion for it.

Shri Kodanda Rao unfolds before his readers the diverse facets of Shri Sastri's life, character, and accomplishments. Besides being a distinguished politician, he was an eminent educationist (he was Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University) and a scholar and writer of great distinction, as his numerous writings, political, biographical, literary, and others, testify. Above all else he was one of the greatest orators of his generation in English, possessing a mastery over that language, and a diction and mode of delivery, which won the epithet "the silver-tongued orator."

Shri Kodanda Rao has rendered a valuable service by writing this biography of a great Indian — great by all standards and from all standpoints. To many of the present generation Shri Sastri is more or less a legend; it is to the credit of Shri Rao that he has brought the legend to life.

C. V. H. RAO

Women in the New Asia: The Changing Social Roles of Men and Women in South and South-East Asia. Edited by BARBARA WARD. (UNESCO, Paris; through Orient Longmans, Bombay. 529 pp. 1963. Rs. 26.67)

This UNESCO publication gives a valuable and important summary of one of the most significant aspects of the change that has come over the Eastern scene during the last quarter of a century. And not the least significant feature of it is that it has all happened within the span of twenty-five years, or less, so that the picture given by some of the writers now in middle life of the difference between the social milieu in which they lived as children and the one in which they now find themselves is striking indeed.

The book is divided into three parts, of which the first and last are more critical, historical, and statistical, while the middle part (roughly three-fifths of the whole) is chiefly devoted to autographical material by a number of writers from various walks of life, belonging to the countries in question.

The first part, by the British economist, Barbara Ward, who is also editor of the whole book, and whose *India and the West* will already have commended her to serious readers as a sympathetic and astute observer of the Indian scene, contributes greatly to the reader's grasp of all the issues involved in the tangled web of "the changing social roles of men and women in South and South-East Asia," especially during the last fifteen to twenty years, during which political

independence has come to the countries concerned. Part III is also largely historical and statistical and, with a valuable appendix on Family Planning, will be of special interest to students and specialists. But it is Part II that will probably prove most fascinating to the average reader, many of the contributions being both vivid and lively as well as throwing light on the central theme of the book.

The chief factors that have influenced the changes that have come about are, naturally, the opening of educational opportunity to both sexes and political independence. But an interesting study could also be made of the part played by outstanding personalities such as Mahatma Gandhi, and, even more, by the different religions, in encouraging or discouraging the general trend. In this connection a comparison of the account given by Sushila Nayer (India) with that of Amna Gani (Pakistan), with their respective Hindu and Islamic backgrounds, or the similar but different Buddhist backgrounds of the writers from Burma and Ceylon, might be very rewarding.

Both editor and contributors are to be congratulated on this successful and stimulating attack on one of the most important aspects of twentieth-century social change taking place all over the world, and not least in South and South-East Asia.

MARGARET BARR

Frost. By ELIZABETH JENNINGS. (120 pp.); *Hugh Macdiarmid (C. M. Grieve).* By KENNETH BUTHLAY. (125 pp.) (Writers and Critics Series. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh and London. 1964. 5*s.* each)

If the American poet, Robert Frost, and the Scottish nationalist poet, Hugh Macdiarmid, present such a striking contrast in tone, temperament, idiom, and outlook, they possess one thing in common — their work, though widely acclaimed, has never been subjected to the critical attention it deserves. The latest additions to the Writers and Critics Series should, therefore, be of real value, if only as introductory studies, in helping us to appreciate the outstanding nature of their achievements.

In the case of Frost, this neglect may well be due to the fact that he has remained impervious to all literary movements. In an age characterized by its emphasis upon modernism, his work has appeared traditional both in form and technique. Miss Jennings goes to considerable lengths in refuting statements that have been made from time to time by other critics, and convincingly demonstrates the error of labelling Frost as a symbolist, a nature poet, a moralist, or a preacher. He was, she maintains, fundamentally a philosopher who frequently adopted the pastoral mode as a vehicle for his searching enquiries into "the nature and meaning of life" and, as such, has something of vital importance to communicate.

Macdiarmid, on the other hand, has created serious problems for the critics by his invention of "synthetic Scots" — a vocabulary which utilizes words taken from various Scottish dailects of various periods — for the purpose of his work. Attempting to justify the poet's use of language, Professor Buthlay tends to make light of the difficulties experienced by readers unfamiliar with Scottish diction; but if he claims major status for Macdiarmid, he does not hesitate to point out his weaknesses: "He writes far too much, he quotes far too much, he discriminates far too little, and his sense of form is weak."

HOWARD SERGEANT

A Parenthesis in Eternity. By JOEL S. GOLDSMITH. Edited by LORRAINE SINKER. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. viii+366 pp. 1964. 25*s.*)

It becomes increasingly clear that only the mystical side to religion is likely to survive (at present) while the intellectual approach ends in a modified

rationalism. This is not to be regretted, since religion is of no great value unless it proceeds via the intuition and so on to a non-mental realization. In Christianity (the flavour of which is strong in this book) and in a certain development now coming to the fore in British Judaism, the supreme need for a mystical understanding of the Scriptures in the Old and New Testaments is very apparent. Otherwise, a fatal disease will destroy two important religions of the West. This book, by an author who has written a number of similar books, will help to create or re-create that inner awakening in both cases. While intellectual theologies require excellent literary style and telling argument (though not always noticeable) mystical presentation can appeal without fine writing or closely woven facts. The thought of the mystic is really as much a "testimony" of a personal kind as given by the "saved" in the Salvation Army and other evangelical sects. And as well worth listening to, with the "Slayer of the Real" temporarily put to sleep and a touch of Super-Consciousness intervening. The Inner Self is quickened, not by what it instinctively agrees with, but by a quiet acceptance of another man's experience. This book is such an experience.

ERNEST V. HAYES

Sören Kierkegaard: An Introduction to his Life and Philosophy. By PETER RHODE. Translated from the Danish with a Foreword by ALAN MORAY WILLIAMS. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 164 pp. Illustrated. 1963. 30*s*.)

Kierkegaard's life was one of great mental and physical suffering. This imposed unusual psychological stresses, out of which he created his own particular religious experience. In so far as his sufferings are known to others, either by fact or the creative imagination, his experience in depth is of great consequence to others. He probably anticipated much of the despair of modern times, in which philosophy as such does not seem to help very much, and in coping with it he offered insights, particularly within the Christian religion, that enable many to see new light. Peter Rhode has written a popular and vivid account of Kierkegaard's life and religious experience.

The author states the facts as they are known, and illustrates from Kierkegaard's own works. He describes the interweaving of a religious personality with the events of life and clearly states the results. Kierkegaard felt that no philosophical system, and no philosophical theology, necessarily based upon what had been, could be of much help in the desperate realities of the present and future. Man had to make his choice not helped very much by logic or speculation. According to the nature of the choice the future would be. In this sense immediate choice was the key of life and of the future.

Mr. Rhode is clarity itself upon this difficult theme and his book is to be recommended to anyone who wishes to have a glimpse into the kind of Christianity — and it is important in the modern world — represented by Kierkegaard.

E. G. LEE

Indian Unity: From Dream to Reality. By MORARJI R. DESAI. (Patel Memorial Lectures. Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India. 72 pp. 1964. Re. 1.00)

This is the eighth series of Patel Memorial Lectures, instituted to commemorate Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. This set of two lectures, delivered by Shri Morarji Desai in December 1963, has a most appropriate theme, Indian unity; for in the achievement of that unity Sardar Patel played a central and historic role. Shri Desai has given in full detail an account of the miracle wrought

by this great nation-builder of modern India, that of converting a truncated and parcelled country, with 562 native states containing 45 per cent of the land and a quarter of the total population, into a strong unified state with a stable central Government.

In the first lecture Shri Desai traces the forces that contributed to the foundation of the nation-states of the modern world. Then he narrates the several attempts made at different times in two thousand years of Indian history to unify the vast sub-continent under one rule. Ashoka Maurya, Samudragupta, Harshavardhana, and the great Moghul Emperor Akbar had all tried to achieve a united India. This dream came near realization only under the rule of the British, who succeeded in establishing a central administration with a common legal system and economic control. The author next deals with the rise of the nationalist movement and points out that with the twentieth century, when the end of British rule seemed to be in sight, imperialist policy tried by several means to thwart national unity, notably by the device of communal electorates and the policy of encouraging all dissident elements, which resulted in the vivisection of India and the formation of Pakistan. The respective roles played by the trinity of front-rank nation-builders — Mahatma Gandhi, who recovered the soul and forged the moral force of the nation; the idealist dreamer Jawaharlal Nehru, who made his dreams come true; and the solid, realistic statesman Sardar Patel, who gave the lie direct to the departing British rulers' anticipations of the balkanization and disintegration of the country by his miraculous achievement of a unified state within three years after independence — are ably described with inside knowlege by their fellow worker, the able author.

D. GURUMURTI

The Life of a South African Tribe. Vol. I: Social Life; Vol. II: Mental Life. By HENRI A. JUNOD. (University Books, New York. 559+660 pp. 1962. set in slip-case, $20.00)

Henri Junod was a facile writer, whose constant endeavour was to be both scientific and practical. He began life in a Swiss Mission as an entomologist but was diverted to ethnography by a conversation with Lord Bryce in 1895. Though he followed Sir John Frazer's methods, Junod's strength lies in the concentration of effort which led him scientifically to observe a people whom he held in the greatest affection, the Thonga tribe, from every conceivable aspect and write about them in the greatest detail possible. He avoids the methodological jargon of the professional anthropologist, and this adds to the value of the book. The Thonga tribe was happy in its friend and interpreter, who could write so sympathetically and so well in French, English, and Latin, on the strength of a study of nearly fifty years. This third edition of Junod's work, twenty-seven years after his death, is sumptuous and valuable.

The Thonga tribe has been the main source for providing the labour pool for the South African and Rhodesian mines. It is at present neither a tribe nor yet a nation but what Potekhin calls *Narodnost* — a group of persons of different tribal origins who without being necessarily kin live together and have evolved social classes. The story told by Junod of the changes during the last fifty years shows greater progress than during the preceding five hundred centuries, but also critical problems, and may be summarized as follows:

Civilization has certainly brought some blessings to the tribe: the disappearance of deadly famines, owing to the development of trade; better clothing (this a mixed blessing); better seeds and agricultural implements (such as the plough); the possibility of earning money; the incentive to work in order to pay taxes (the natives would certainly not call this a blessing); the decrease of polygamy; and the broadening of ideas, consequent on travelling and work in towns.

But the curses of civilization far exceed its blessings for the South African native. Amongst them are the loss of political interest and responsibility; the loss of hierarchic respect for the chiefs and elder brothers; the loss of personal dignity; and a decrease of religious faith and respect for taboos.

Further, the vices of civilization have found a lamentably ready welcome on the part of these Primitives: alcoholism of a degraded type (on the Coast) onanism, sodomy (in the compounds); looseness of morals; and the consequent spread of new and very dangerous diseases such as alcoholic cachexy and syphilis; a great increase of consumption, due to the work in towns; not to speak of the criminal instincts which have developed under these influences: murder and rape (hence the Black Peril, unknown in the primitive state). The tribe has lost its standards and traditions and moral and physical results have quickly followed.

Junod was a successful Christian missionary and cannot conceal, in spite of his affection for the tribe, his feeling that the Thongas were a primitive and a lower tribe, whose collective system of living had to be completely replaced by a healthy and progressive individualism, which according to him Christianity alone can provide, though he admits that science will soon dispel all the superstitious dread of taboos and he admits the aspiration to purity so conspicuous in Bantu rites. The reviewer cannot admit that one religion will ever solve all the problems of racial differences, which require superior planning combining the modern economic, psychological, and sociological methods to deal with them.

The political upheaval in Africa may make Junod's description and methods out of date, but the scientific material behind it will be a permanent memorial both to the tribe and the author. The South African tribe will not die out but may live in an altered and perhaps unrecognizable form. We in India are familiar with the problems of two crores of our tribal people, for which special planning and preparation has received the utmost attention of such anthropologists and reformers as the late Dr. Elwin, who was once a Christian missionary.

P. G. SHAH

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** dwells on some of Pandit Nehru's thoughts and sayings; and finds them echoed in the great French writer, Saint-Exupéry — ED.]

PERHAPS I ought to have been an aviator, so that when the slowness and dullness of life overcame me I could have rushed into the tumult of the clouds and said to myself:

I balanced all, brought all to mind
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

These words of Jawaharlal Nehru remind me of the great French writer, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. They have so much in common in their temperaments, Nehru and Saint-Exupéry, that the more I read their writings and study their lives the more am I struck by two great qualities which marked them both: one, the faith that man's happiness lies not in freedom but in his acceptance of duty; the other, fearlessness and a marvellous cosmic sense. Yet there is a great feeling of freedom in these two: the freedom to inquire, to learn to be oneself in spite of "many invisible barriers which surround me" — Nehru's phrase.

"Civilization," according to Saint-Exupéry, is an invisible boon; it concerns not the things we see but the unseen bonds linking these together in one special way and not otherwise: "There is one problem I shall set myself: What can one, what must one say to men?" Nehru and Saint-Exupéry both wrote

their major works in the same year, 1944; *La Citadelle* and *The Discovery of India* may be called Odes and Essays on Duty and Discipline.

Nehru recognizes the invisible world and how much at home he is in the "diversity and fullness of nature" which produce a "harmony of the spirit." He is much more "at home in the pagan and pantheistic atmosphere."

Saint-Exupéry's philosopher-king is, like Nehru (Gandhiji called Nehru a king), a philosopher-king who gives himself to his people and the more he gives the more is he enriched; he bids them also be givers, active helpers — not "sedentaries" placidly enjoying a hoard they have amassed — and thus enrich their lives with the best life has to offer, which is neither the blind obedience of the anthill, in which individualities are submerged nor the acquisitive competitive activity of the self-seeker, but a love like his, embracing all alike, even the criminal whom nevertheless he must punish.

Saint-Exupéry and Nehru are, if you will, *karma-yogis*. Both speak of the fellowship of men in which each must do his duty by all and all do theirs by each at the behest of love. To Saint-Exupéry the escape or man's release from impermanence is through self-dedication and a focusing of the mind not on things in themselves but on that which gives them meaning.

In one of his addresses Nehru says: "All of us talk of and demand rights and privileges, but the teaching of the old *dharma* was about duties and obligations. Rights follow duties discharged." These lines echo Gandhi's words on Human Rights.

Saint-Exupéry, in that wonderful book, *La Citadelle,* talks about the temple and the cedar tree; the temple excludes the tumult, the fever, and the fret of the world outside, and favours prayer and meditation; the cedar tree, like the lotus, thrives on mud, but transforms it into a crown of leafage, fed by sunlight. Thus mud is transmuted into virtue.

Nehru understood the marvellous sense of unity which was the basis of Indian culture, this "sense of mysteries, of unknown depths . . . to be in tune with the world in its fullness. . . ." Saint-Exupéry time and again rebukes those who wish to take the temple to pieces to seek the silence in the stones. If a man pulled his house to pieces, with the design of understanding it, all he would have before him would be heaps of bricks and stones and tiles; nor would he be able to discover therein the silence, the shadows, and the privacy they bestowed. It was the vision of the architect that could transform stone into silence, and it is the duty of the philosopher-king to open people's eyes to that creative vision.

Nehru's great faith in man and his search for truth against all odds is unfailing.

> How amazing [he says] is this spirit of man. In spite of innumerable failings, man, throughout the ages, has sacrificed his life and all he held dear for an idea, for truth, for faith, for country and honour . . . much may be forgiven to man . . . it is impossible to lose hope for him. . . . Life, for all its ills, has joy and beauty, and we can always wander if we know how to, in the enchanted woods of nature.

"Life has taught us," Saint-Exupéry says,

> that love does not consist in gazing at each other but in looking outward together in the same direction. There is no comradeship except through union in the same high effort.

Nehru did not want subservience in people, he wanted strength. He wanted to revitalize India and to release those vast stores of suppressed energy. So very much like Saint-Exupéry's king. For what use had he for human ants? Rather he loved that man whom religion sets free and whose life is quickened by intimations of divinity within him: the kingdom of God, the country, the home, the village — so that day in, day out, he barters himself for something greater than himself.

Change is essential, Nehru once wrote, the real kind of change. For everything must truly grow and transform itself; else it is mere dead matter,

a museum piece, a product of routine. Yes, indeed, there must be continuity, but this must not be confounded with routine, nor stability with death. As Saint-Exupéry puts it:

> neither the stability of the cedar tree nor that of the empire derives from any decrepitude. But as for me I abhor sedentaries, and maintain that completed cities are dead cities.

When I read Nehru's testament I read his homage to the rivers of India, to the sacred Ganges, to water. To water, Saint-Exupéry pays the highest tribute:

> Of the riches that exist in the world thou art the most delicate — thou so pure within the bowels of the earth. A man may die of thirst beside a magnesian spring. He may die within reach of a salt lake. He may die though he hold in his hand a jug of dew, if it be inhabited by evil salts. For thou, water, art a proud divinity, allowing no alteration, no foreignness in thy being. And the joy that thou spreadest is an infinitely simple joy.

Both Saint-Exupéry and Nehru were men of action, no Utopian dreamers, men who faced death each day without fear: "fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will always to strive for wisdom" — these and more, as the *Gītā* says, are the signs of him "whose feet are set on that fair path which leads to heavenly birth."

These are random thoughts, but it is surprising how close these two men of different cultures are to each other; for one might easily say that both have through life and experience bridged the gulf that separates the Orient and Occident. What sets us against one another, Saint-Exupéry reminds us, is not our aims — they all come to the same thing — but our methods, which are the fruit of our varied reasoning.

BALDOON DHINGRA

HUMOUR

Humour is mercy easing pain;
glintings of sun on ripening grain:
humour is morning breaking through
the barriered sky devoid of hue:
humour is song in desert lives;
the note of calm that rage survives:
humour is laughter too, and mirth,
sign of the heart's unfailing worth.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

Drama is to be included among the arts specifically organized for therapeutic purposes. It has been used by individual groups, in psychiatric clinics or in prisons, but now the Religious Drama Society of Great Britain, according to Mrs. Lindkvist, its organizer (*The Guardian,* 26 June 1964), is planning a national service, based on its already existing two hundred groups throughout the country. This means that general and mental hospitals, prisons, old people's homes, and other institutions would be able to apply to a central organization for plays, appropriate to their particular needs, to be put on regularly. The plays would not be all of a religious type, but would be chosen to suit the audience. Another aspect of the work would be the preparing of plays to be acted by mental patients, plays which an advisory panel of psychiatric consultants would "vet," and for which they would suggest themes and situations likely to help the patients. There is also a scheme projected for training occupational therapists as producers for drama-therapy. The degree of success already achieved by isolated pioneer efforts indicates the future possibilities.

The Society for Music Therapy and Remedial Music is also proving its worth in these fields. The Hon. Secretary, Miss Juliette Alvin, wrote on the subject in THE ARYAN PATH (January 1960) — "Music Therapy in a Psychiatric Social Club" — and since then the number of members has grown to more than five times as many, while at least twenty hospitals have asked for information or help. It also plans to build up a wide training scheme, and research is being carried out into the physiological and chemical, as well as the psychological, effects of sound. Performing and listening to music are both part of the individual and group treatment. In an interview with a *Daily Telegraph* writer (5 June 1964) Miss Alvin gave examples of its value, even with subnormal patients who do not respond to other treatment, and with old people sunk in lonely, hopeless, withdrawal.

The value of painting and other forms of creative art has long been recognized, and art by psychiatric patients has attracted quite a bit of attention, as evidenced by the various books on the subject and by a recent exhibition of their work held in London. Looking at pictures can also have its own therapeutic effect, and a new technique of luminous spectrum-colour designs-in-motion, evolved by John Healey, offers fresh possibilities in this direction. An exhibition at the Royal College of Art, London (May-June 1964) and later at the Ceylon Tea Centre, showed fascinating examples of the medium. Up to the time of writing no satisfactorily descriptive name for it has been found, since its perpetually changing patterns, abstract, organic, or even representational in shape, are composed with light, of almost infinite, vivid, variety, covering the whole spectrum's range. The designs flow in a cyclic time-stream from one colour-form to another, either at a swift pace, or so imperceptibly that one can hardly pinpoint the change. As Sir Hugh Casson writes in his introduction to the show, it "can be used to stimulate or to soothe, to beguile or to inspire." Its possibilities for public spectacle are obvious, but its promoters intend to explore also the field of therapeutic use.

All such aids to rehabilitation have much to offer, especially when geared to a philosophy of purpose, a soul psychology, "beyond personality," that integrates the whole being.

Those who are born with the demoniacal disposition ... deny that the universe has

any truth in it, saying it is not governed by law, declaring it hath no Spirit; they say creatures are produced alone through the union of the sexes, and that all is for enjoyment only. (*Gita*, ch. XVI)

The subject of birth control is well to the fore among all the problems that occupy society at present. The international Planned Parenthood Federation held its conference at Church House, Westminster, London, June 1964, and despite divergences of outlook, representatives of forty-six different countries seem to have accepted pre-marital intercourse and birth control, especially as a means of counteracting the so-called "population explosion." The production on the market of contraceptive pills (possibly responsible for a slump in the U.S.A. birth rate), has aroused fierce arguments as to whether these would be acceptable to the Roman Catholic Church. Its hierarchy is torn between those who denounce, and those who advocate, a more favourable attitude in their Church to contraception generally. The Pope has stated that the "extremely complex and delicate problem" is being studied.

Birth control is advocated as a means of spreading material goods, especially food, more generously, since there would be fewer people to make demands. It is presented as the means *par excellence* for the "under-developed" nations, and is also accepted in their official policies, as an article, "Family Planning and National Prosperity" (*India News*, 27 June 1964), makes clear. It calls the family-planning programme "unique and of unprecedented magnitude," and quotes with pride statistics about the spread of contraceptive knowledge, the reduction of pregnancies, and facilities for free voluntary sterilization.

All this shows the frightening degree to which a materialistic outlook and sense of values has gained hold on people's minds and discriminating faculties. In all the mass of reasoning, planning, and desiring, there is apparently complete unawareness, first, that there is no real shortage of food and material goods. Shortages exist, from faulty distribution and waste, primarily due to self-centredness. Even in one city like London the difference between the haves and have-nots is fantastic. But the second, far more vital factor, that seems completely ignored, is the part played by the soul. The living human being is *not* just the material outcome of the conjunction of the sperm and the eggs, and conception is *not* just a factory process in the "reification" of man, to use Erich Fromm's term, manipulated in order to increase or cut down on production. The very idea is an insult, as is, too, the degradation of what was traditionally a sacred act, that mirrored the divine power of creation, and that has now become simply sensual, personal gratification. The divine, when inverted, becomes the devilish, and *its* "blessings" can only bring ultimate torture on its devotees.

Christians have doubtless given up hoping for an answer to the problem of "God creating a soul for every baby born," but in India surely the people have not already forgotten the implications of reincarnation and *Karma*? Those who give more than lip service to spirit should take a bold stand against this terrible idea of humanity as a mere material manufactory.